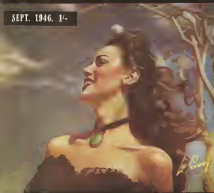


Australian CAVALCADE

SEPT. 1946. 1/-



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WHAT'S

PEDIGREE?



The revelation of your ancestry may bring an unpleasant shock.

"WILL JOHN SMITH, who sailed from London on the ship, *Afric*, on 8th June, 1837, for the then Colony of New South Wales, or, if he is now deceased, his next of kin, please communicate with Maxwell, Son, Johnson, and Matthews, Solicitors of Chancery Lane, London, relative to the Will and Estate of James Smith, late of Blackacre, in the County of Surrey, deceased?"

What about it, all of you Smiths, Browns and Robinsons? There may be a thousand, possibly a hundred thousand, a million, or with in that advertisement. Was that emigrant, John Smith, your paternal, or perhaps your maternal, grandfather or great-grandfather? From that he was and that million or less may be yours.

To get the name, you will have to govt you, one up to the last Solicitors, trustees of estates, Masters in Equity, and Justices of the Chancery Division are occasional

suspicious when it comes to red-aiming the long-lost heir and handing over to him the waiting and greatly enhanced fortune so long undisturbed.

Before you start, try yourself out with this quiz master: Give the full names (residence names of dwellers) of your first grand-parent? Probably not one in ten could answer that question correctly and without hesitation. Go back one stage further to great-grandparents and not one in a thousand (a very conservative estimate) could give anything but a blind guess.

A million, or less, may be worth a little trouble, and even if you fail to connect up with THE John Smith, you will have had the satisfaction of establishing your own family tree which you will be proud to display to your friends. Or will you?

There may be a reference as to an eighteenth century project

one who was hanged for murder, or a barometer in good King Charles' reign about which, quite understandably, you may feel a little diffidence, but any good tree improves with judicious pruning, and only an expert can recognise the cut when there has hidden the scar.

With this possibility in mind, it is, perhaps, advisable to do the necessary investigations yourself. In the particular case, if you are able to establish the identity of John Smith of 1837, you could work down from him, or, failing that, work up from yourself.

Apart from official records of births, deaths and marriages in the Registrar-General's Office in New South Wales, there are three major sources of information to be tapped: the Mitchell Library, the Public Library, and the Society of Australian Genealogists, the latter a non-profit company limited by guarantee, with rooms and a library in Philip Street, Sydney. Similar facilities would be available in most States.

At none of these libraries could you expect to have the investigation done for you, but the material is there for the searcher to find the truth. There are, in some States, commercial firms who are prepared to investigate claims to Chancery and other matters, but this would not necessarily give you a family tree such as can be bought in the United States for as low as two dollars. At these libraries there is no guarantee that it is your family tree, although your family name may be in it.

Having identified John Smith

as a newspaper passenger list for 1837, he is next found to have received a Crown Grant of land. A press cutting reveals that he married Miss Jones and a later one advised of her death, with the names of his children.

As this was after 1836, the death certificate may be secured, but the particulars should be noted with reservation, owing to the circumstances of stress under which they have been given. The researcher may further connect him with the emigrant, and the hypothetical or marriage entries in church records may corroborate that connection.

The marriages and deaths of John Smith's children bring the searcher to fairly modern times and to matters within his own or his family knowledge. These having been investigated, the last name may fall out of the dream when you establish definitely that John Smith was not one of your ancestors, officially at least.

Before abandoning hope completely, one or two of the traps for young players should be considered. Changes of name, both legitimate and otherwise, can be so many and so varied, and apart from vast conditions and intent to do them, are perfectly legal. Provisions exist in most States to furnish evidence of such change by registration of a deed poll but, generally speaking, such a deed or registration of it is not even tied to the change.

Other instances of change arise through errors in transcription, as when Atchison was written Harchison in Parramatta Church records. Numerous Irish names

WHEAT? Robert Burns was writing about the Thistle Emblematic, to give a rugged man means a well desired and generous fellow from the river. The record was too obviously a case of some person, yet he rewarded the other with clearly divergent. The record which had rewarded the another became story at the end man's goodness, and threatened to lead him back into the water Burns merely remarked: "So surely the goodness knows what his life is worth!"

commencing with the "O" were altered in the middle of last century when posters were made about the affairs of Irishmen on the Victorian Police Force, "O'Malley" becoming "Malley" and so on. In at least one case the changed name was carried down to the third generation, half of that family being registered at birth without the "O", the remainder with it.

The hyphenation of names on marriage, the addition of an "e" to make common names such as "Brown" or "Wicks," are unfortunately used to be written general knowledge, but changes of address and occupation on official records can be definitely confusing.

When, despite all this, you have satisfied yourself that the names in years by right, you may join the names who have throughout the years claimed against documented entries as beneficiaries. When every is willing to be claimed, a claimant will surely be found and

many a man has wrecked his life time living at the wandell of "In Chancery."

Claims for the "Angeli Mil-lions" are reported to have wrecked the family fortunes of the writer's great grandfather and no less than three of his sons in turn. So it was, too, with the "Jewells Mil-lions." The Tichborne claimant of 1877, Thomas Castro, was convicted in London for representing himself as Roger Tich-borne, who, if then alive, would have been a baronet with large estates and £20,000 a year.

In Sydney, in the last decade, the discovery that an apparently impoverished man, named Barker had died worth thousands led to claims by dozens of people from every part of the globe, a half in Ireland eventually establishing her claim after prolonged an restlessness.

Possible financial benefit, however, prompts very few researches into the family tree, most of which appear to originate in an innate appreciation of the family root and perhaps a secret hope of connection with the great in history.

No less than 50,000 inquiries a year are addressed to the Genealogical Department of the New York Public Library, while visitors to the Society of Australian Genealogists' library number from fifteen to twenty a day. Many American inquiries hope, doubt less, to establish that their progenitor arrived on the Mayflower. There appears to be no similar enthusiasm on the part of Aussies to prove that theirs came here in the First Fleet.

What the Society can offer

much to the searcher in the way of Australian records, naturally the fullest range of historical documents can be found at the Mitchell Library.

In going back beyond the introduction of registration of births in New South Wales in 1856, the 1828 census makes a good basis for a starting point, while Probate Lists from 1800, official Calendars from 1806, and Post Office Directories from 1832 may provide a clue to the first Australian ancestor.

Entries in the fly-leaf of the family Bible have assisted in establishing a case in court before today, so also have inscriptions on tombstones, whilst a well frequently given valuable assistance in establishing not only the identity of the ancestor but details of his life.

Having established the first Australian progenitor, the lives, records, and documents in the library of the Society of Australian Genealogists may prove a fruitful source for further investigation. Among others are the

lists for the "Hundreds" of England, virtually a County register, in the appropriate parish of which a clue to the family of that Australian progenitor will probably be located.

Application to the College of Arms in London or the Court of Lord Lyon in Scotland may then provide the Australian family tree, hungry require with an embrace, unapproachable, and unconquerable pedigree right back to the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror.

Any talk of family trees usually results to someone's mind a hardly actual among the most pleasant of the late Professor Ernest Scott when he occupied the post of Professor of History at Melbourne University.

"Many of the Welsh family trees are excessively long," the Professor was wont to advise his class. "In some, extending over about twenty scrolls of parchment, a marginal note will be found about halfway down the sixth scroll. It reads invariably: 'About this time was the Creation!'"



★ THERE'S A FUTURE FOR THE blind

W. G. DELANEY

War-time industry gave the blind a moral as well as an economic lift



WHEN they brought Norman Williamson to a Sydney military hospital, he presented the staff with a problem which they had never before encountered. For Williamson was not only blind, but in addition, his hearing had been destroyed. That meant that he couldn't be taught Braille in the usual way — by oral instruction. Indeed, since the day he had been incapacitated, it had been impossible to communicate with him by any means.

He was still suffering from shock, and it was obvious that his rehabilitation would be a difficult process. Army authorities sought the assistance of Mr. Rex Kippax, welfare officer of the N.S.W. Blind Institute, and himself a blind man.

Patiently, with the wisdom gained in 30 years of teaching the blind to overcome their disability, Mr. Kippax taught Williamson the manual alphabet. At the end of the day, the soldier asked a question which must have been causing him a deal of concern. He said:

"What comes next I see?"

It was not hard to imagine the

feelings which prompted the question. For weeks, Williamson had been transported from hospital to hospital, from country to country — without having the vaguest idea of his whereabouts. The answer he got must have afforded him the first hope he had had since the day when typhus had stolen both his sight and hearing. It was given in one word — "Spelling".

It was sufficient reason to encourage Williamson to take a new interest in life. When he left hospital, he went to Toth and underwent a course in pottery making. Today he earns a successful pottery wage, and has compiled a number of trophies in Braille on pottery making.

He is married to a girl who learnt the manual alphabet, and they have a 12-month-old boy.

This is the story of Norman Williamson, a boy who solved his own problem; it is the story, also, of many other men who have emerged from the ruin of an earlier life to create a sound career.

But the late war has brought 70 new problems to the N.S.W.

Blind Institute. Fifty of them are ex-P.O.W.'s for whom the days of these years' internment in Japan and Prison Camps have been the loss of their sight. Among these men are men of high professional standing, men who were formerly competent tradesmen, and men from factories. The State will give them £5 a week pension, of which £1/4/- is for the employment of a guide; so that, actually, these men — most of whom, it is said, once possessed an almost unlimited working capacity — will be receiving less than the basic wage.

Economic writers, however, a less important than social rehabilitation. Rehabilitation is the blind man's greatest enemy, and in the first twelve months of his blindness one may depend his whole career: when a man has drifted with the tide of misfortune for a year, it is a hard job to resist his isolation.

There is work for them at the Institute's own machine and bus factories, but here they will be working with others who share their darkness, with the result that they become conscious that their work potential has been reduced by their disability.

Thus, blind welfare depends rather on their acceptance in our wide industry than the assistance which can be given in sheltered workshops.

During the war, more than 70 blind workers were absorbed in industry. A Manpower Department brochure covering their activities quotes the following ex-employees' witnesses:

"They are keen, conscientious, and we can honestly say, able to

hold their positions not from any charitable attitude on the part of an employer, but because of their ability to perform their job well."

"Upon many of the jobs which these men have done for us, the quality and quantity of their work has surpassed that of other workers not suffering the disability of blindness."

Mr. David Hunter, blind M.L.A. in the N.S.W. Parliament, adds a postscript to these comments:

"It is admitted by those with knowledge of the facts that, during the war, both war and civilian blind did an exceptionally good job in essential production. Their efficiency was remarkable, even judged by wrong standards, their output extraordinarily high, and their concentration unsurpassed."

"With the coming of peace, however, a number of blind people have lost their place in industry, and a great many more (especially P.O.W.'s from Malaya) whose rehabilitation means a completely new approach to life, have to be found suitable employment."

Mr. Henry Ford, many years ago, laid down the principle that industry must find work for the disabled as well as the sound, and put it into practice in his own undertakings. Great Britain, faced with many disabled servicemen and an almost equal number of disabled civilians, due to German bombing, has made a law (The Disabled Persons' Employment Bill) which makes it obligatory on industry to ensure their employment.

"A similar government is essential in Australia. First a survey

SONG A SONG

of togetherness.

A sundial full of joy,
Four and twenty realisations
Picked on an hour.
When the hen was killed,
The sports refused to budge.
Now, wasn't that a daisy dish
To let before the pulch' — B.L.

should be made of both primary and secondary industry by experts on blind and disabled persons' welfare, to discover what jobs are suitable without jeopardising the efficiency of the business concerned. Secondly, Management should be encouraged to give priority in such jobs to blinded and disabled persons; and thirdly, rehabilitation should see in the case of service personnel, that suitable post-secondary training is given, and in industry, a proportion of these wages provided until they become proficient, as in the case with the training of normal service personnel.

"If handled realistically, the problem can be solved, but if there is reluctance on the part of management, or protection by Unions, then Commonwealth and State Governments must consider legislation along the lines of the British Act.

"There are many men disabled today because they fought for a

better world. It is due to them that Society guarantees to them a share of the betterment."

In the meantime, what of the 70 men who, at this moment, are being treated, who have given their sight to their country's defence during the last war?

Many have still to adapt their ideas to their condition, and are still needing attention on military hospitals. Their rehabilitation calls for extreme patience. They are taught Braille as soon as possible, but in some cases it has been found easier to prevail upon them to learn the system against their will.

The perseverance of a Braille student is a helpful factor in their adjustment, for it develops a pride of ownership, gives them perhaps the first pleasant association associated with their blindness. More important than that is the fact returns to them that some of them, so that an hour soon may become the passing of only 60 minutes. They are taken to dances, taught music to memory, and encouraged to take an interest in producing their own records.

But the most important factor is patience. Blindness does not do away from a man's mental ability any more than a broken leg affects a man's thought processes. For this reason, conversation with a blind man should be as intelligent as with a person with normal sight. Nevertheless, it takes patience to instil into a blind man the idea that he can still perform a useful function in the world.

One of the most difficult cases Mr. Kipman has handled was that of a boy about 20 years old. Visibly of a gunshot wound, he lay

in bed in complete lethargy and was completely disinterested in events. He spoke only when speech was necessary.

The first most was to get him out of bed, the next, to give him a Braille watch and to encourage other patients to visit him the time, gradually he was persuaded to mix with the other patients in the ward and to discuss racing and other sports, to have a beer.

It was a slow process of rehabilitation, but eventually he came to take his occupancy for granted, and began to develop a constructive philosophy.

He is now sure of himself — looks in his movements and in his belief of his future.

It is essential that the newly-blind be taught to think and to act constructively as quickly as possible in order to avoid the neuroticism which will probably influence his whole life.

The answer to this problem is largely in a man's own hands. The N.S.W. Parliament has two blind M.L.A. — David Hunter, who

has been blind since childhood, and S. T. Stephens, who lost his sight in the Western Desert.

Before the war, Stephens was a journalist, involved loans in 1943 he began immediately to rebuild his career, in two months he had mastered Braille and could type as rapidly as he had before on typewriter; and he renewed his achievements by winning the Byron seat in the last N.S.W. elections.

Australia has a number of blind barristers and solicitors, clergy men, business executives, commercial travellers, teachers of music and professional musicians. In fact, there are few occupations which the blind cannot fulfil.

Blindness, therefore, is not the end of one's career. In short, most of recovery, means a back to study as in the execution of one's profession. But provided that the blind man can adopt a new philosophy and develop a determination to overcome the affliction, it can be a definite spur to his ambition.





GIRL FROM THE GALLOWS

The death produced a full generation who entered them by its marriage.

A FEW days after her execution in 1328, Margaret Dickson was married in Edinburgh.

That is, on a wedding, was must surely be the strongest clue in the history of crime — and one which, by a very simple line of reasoning, may explain some of the most grotesque discoveries of modern science. However, in a case so strange, one had best begin at the beginning.

Margaret Dickson was, at the beginning of this cruel tale, in ownership of a quayside, for her husband had been long away from home, and she had proved to be by no means unskilful from human frailty. Hence, at the month of his absence lengthened, Margaret discovered that she was to become a mother.

In those days a woman in her predicament would seek (and probably get) an official opinion as to her things externally right; but the month of the eighth was con-

vey was somewhat different — Rousseau describes in his "Emile" how the mother of children whom he was unable to support, so the child was daily born into the world and, shortly after their birth, lodged in an orphanage, which was, he says, the usual thing "I did not see or hear of them any more," he writes, "yet had I any desire to do so." This situation leads to some strange decisions on that greatly wanted virtue, parent love.

Margaret Dickson, however, at about the same time, had no desire to expose her baby more widely than necessary. She duly gave birth to the child — and then, rather than take it to an orphanage, strangled it in the first hours of its life, threw away the body, and calmly waited down to a life which, upon her husband's return, would offer no evidence of her depravity.

It is difficult indeed to imagine the feelings which mingled in the hardened heart of this miserable woman who could commit such a deed so readily, murder so easily, and then settle down to await her husband's return. It seems unlikely that she experienced remorse; perhaps the struggle she underwent was a tug-of-war between fear of detection in her crime, and a certain obstinate aggressiveness at having so successfully hidden her adult-ry.

This satisfaction, it is stated at all, was short-lived; for, imperfect as were the methods of the police in 1728, they seem to have been sufficient for the evil of the day. By what means, and through what chain is not recorded, but in due course Margaret Dickson was arrested and faced with the pitiful little body of her tiny baby she concealed to the crime and was, in due course, sent to the gallows.

Hanging, as a punishment for crime, is old indeed, and as its methods in early times were, so it is still, cruel and brutal.

The hangings of today are worked out on a scientific basis so that as the criminal falls through the scaffold the jar of the fall in the noise played behind his left ear, shoves the head sharply out of its alignment and breaks the neck, causing instantaneous death. In his recent book *It's Truest About*, Frank S. Greenwood describes his experience of the head of a hanged man, which had been separated from the body, and which clearly showed the fracture on the vertebrae.

By this method death is instant enough; but by the older method

of hanging which was in vogue in the early 18th century, the criminal was allowed to fall off a cart or platform and to land in the air while he strangled — a process which caused the crowds at public executions to feed with delight, pain and cheer.

This is exactly what happened to Margaret Dickson. Clad in a loose, flowing dress, and at the wrists and ankles, she mounted the scaffold, the noise was played about her neck, and she was pushed from the edge. Hugs, in *The Blackbird of Notre Dame*, describes how the public executioner grabbed the shoulders of the victim, and added his weight to the weight of the body in an effort to hasten the end. Sometimes people in the crowd grabbed and swung on the feet, for the same purpose. Sometimes the poor wretch was allowed to kick, until strangulation was complete.

The latter was the case with Margaret Dickson. Finally her struggles stopped. Her body was cut down and delivered to some of her friends, who put it in a cart and started to drive it to a burial ground some two miles out of Edinburgh.

This account seemed to the friends of Margaret Dickson, one who called for some kind of forensic science, and they accordingly pulled the cart to a halt at a way side inn, threw a covering over the corpse, and were inside to share the hospitality of Miss Host.

In this pleasant occupation they engaged for some time; and when they came to the cart they had indeed drowned their sorrows. This was not an advantage for them.

A SCIENTIST at the Grady Medical Institute, Moscow, has successfully transplanted hearts of rabbits, dogs and cats into the bodies of their living counterparts — thus saving the latter two efficient hearts. There was no trouble about the rhythm of function of the "donor's" new heart, but the additional heart sustained an even unforgotten beat. Blood pressure was maintained, and no physical difficulty resulted.

The method of joining the blood vessels of the transplanted animal is simple and rapid, taking only 20 to 30 seconds to perform.

Believe that the experiment was to provide a new method of studying various problems of later physiology and treatment of heart disease.

Believe the world over are awaiting final results with extreme interest.

drink is a poor preparation for some expressions, and it is they to understand how they yelled and died in pain; when, as they moaned the same, the corpse swept aside the covering and slowly sat up.

Attracted by the cries people hastened out of the inn. Unable to pass judgment as many of them were, others believed what they saw. Margaret Dickson, accused that morning for the murder of her baby, was that afternoon alive and well.

The steady presence of the women about her throat had made her unconscious — but had not choked the life out of her. This was easily explained by the constables, who admitted that of the room-lust were that a little too tightly so on her body, it might not exert undue pressure on the windpipe. It was easily explained by those who cut her down, who were so accustomed to seeing people go limp at the end of a rope that they presumed anybody in that unwholesome position to be dead. It was

not deemed necessary then, as it is now, for a medical officer to be present to pronounce life extinct.

The scientific attitude of the constables was not all, however. In law a very strange situation had arisen: a woman unconscious was at large in the community — yet she had paid the penalty of her crime. A rapid but careful study of the minute books showed the experts that no person can be punished twice for the same crime — there was no further case against Margaret Dickson. She had to go free.

But there was another legal complication: the whole matter started because of her husband — and that husband had now gone home. But he was not her true husband (for she was not his wife) since by the process of law she was legally dead. He had to be reconciled to the fact that his wife was dead — for there was nothing to prevent his marrying the living Margaret Dickson, which is exactly what he did. So it came about that a few days after she was

publicly hanged, Margaret Dickson was married, equally public, to her former husband, and she lived for thirty years afterwards without running foul of the law.

The sheriff was the really unhappy man. He was the duty of carrying out the sentence of the court, and while Dickson was enjoying a second honeymoon with lucky, lucky Margaret, that very unhappy sheriff was appearing before a high court to answer a charge of not properly carrying out his duty.

From time to time it has been the custom to close up, or remove, cemeteries; and it has often been remarked that, upon opening the graves, bodies have been found in grotesque positions which indicated that they had struggled in their coffins after death.

Most of these discoveries have come from ancient graveyards, and from England and Europe, relics of a time and place when hanging by the old way they died.

method was still the custom.

Believe the opening of these disturbed graves has been given only one explanation: the very physical term "post-mortem battle." Numerous theories have been suggested to account for this battle of living people, and many known cases have proved to be sufficient reason why.

But in the case of these earlier disturbed graves, is it possible that more than once have been brought to light the remains of gallowers' birds who, like Margaret Dickson, were cut down before they were dead — but unlike her, did not revive before burial?

The case of Margaret Dickson was so publicized, and she herself was so well known, that no shadow of doubt can fall across it.

Now does it need a brilliant line quibbler to forestall her fate had her friends not stopped for their vegetable drink; and to see how this could have been the fate of numerous other people officially "dead by hanging."



High Jinks On THIN ICE



© K. LANE

[N America, 10 years ago, it was costing 7,000,000 enthusiasts 7,000,000 dollars to watch ice hockey — an annual bill which carried the sport to perhaps the highest place in public esteem, apart from the truly tortoise species, baseball, football and basket ball Canada, at the same time, was enjoying the game with the ardour natural in a country where mothers were conductors and provide their children with a hockey stick as a means of maintaining domestic peace.

But in Australia, anyone with homicidal tendencies could have fired a .303 indiscriminately at a rink during an exhibition of the game without, probably, gaining the satisfaction of adding a tally-crier, match to the list of the wronged. The comment, in the classical language of Mr Goldwyn, was staying away in thousands.

For 30 years, or thereabouts, a small but hard band of enthusiasts had gathered throughout the winter months to watch the push with varying degrees of skill and accuracy at Sydney's only skating rink. On such occasions, the other

ice hockey is the world's fastest sport — and a dangerous pastime.

persons of the rink, having stood all in order to exhibit their own ice skating ability, stood moodily on the sidelines, a trait born at the management's lack of consideration in suspending their activities for 40 minutes.

The pleasantly informed man was content until 1933, when a performance of some roller skating ability and possessed of an eye for an opportunity, noticed the ice-skating rink. Having noticed the audience, he performed some quick mental arithmetic and came to the conclusion that somewhere would bring the remaining 999,999 of Sydney's one million population clattering for skates.

The man, J. C. Bendrook, did quite a lot for ice hockey in Australia — an admission which is given by today's enthusiasts with all the willingness of a septuagenarian crying with his last tooth.

As a business man of athletic ability, Bendrook saw the possibilities in ice hockey, and asked: "Why not have another rink, so that an arm-and-a-half competition could be held?"

Before the enthusiasts had time

to thank even the question, he answered it himself by opening an ice palace and importing a herd of athletes whom he named the Canadian Beams.

While the price may have been accused for assuming that the Canadians were fresh from the wilds of Chicago (Ill.) and other cities south of the Great Lakes, there could be no doubt that the team brought to the game an endurance which had previously been lacking.

Regularly free at attending exhibitions, they went, by Australian standards, very able exponents of ice hockey. Under Bendrook's sponsorship, they set about beating local teams. Progressively conquering the weaker teams, the Canadians proved a reputation for skill and toughness which began to appeal to the paying public.

And for the first time, the locals began to realize that the practice of scoring goals was greatly facilitated when the opposing team had assumed unorthodox positions; that a few highly developed tricks could be introduced which would be the deciding factor in ultimate success.

It was a thought-provoking revelation.

As a result, the newspapers, which had previously devoted as much space to ice hockey as they had to harling and duck-meat, looked to the ice rink as a source of news. It was not unusual to learn, on the day following a match that eight players had been punctured on the ice at the same time.

As there are but twelve players on the rink — of which two are

goalkeepers, who rarely are called upon to enter in strenuous conflict — this number was considered by readers to be quite a fair offer. And with the least anticipation of eventually seeing anything committed, the public began to attend ice hockey matches as an exciting spectacle.

This new found enthusiasm was often aided by the sight of two opposing players quarrelling in their cuffs — an occupation which, in any the least, was made all the more interesting by the fact that the movements of the contestants were somewhat limited by their cuffs.

The Canadians, continuing their winning sequence, finally found themselves matched against the leading Sydney team. The game resulted a good deal of noise in the following day's newspapers.

The Beams scored one of the opposition of playing rough ice hockey. —

Mr. Bendrook, rushing to the defence of his charges, supported their claim, and an official who had seen much ice hockey in other regions, replied with the statement that by comparison with overseas conflicts, the game had been "cheap".

There was, by some comparison with standards abroad, something in what he said. None of the players had emerged from the game with as much as a simple broken leg — and in America, at least, there had been occasions when a match, presumably conducted in the spirit of good, clean fun, had gone close to becoming the greatest act to date the Battle of Bull Run occupies when the words

of a sporting shoe, the Golden Rule became as worthless as Hitler's promises.

There, it was not unusual to see a player carried from the rink as a result of being knocked down, poked with a stick, and flayed over while the defence men robbed him of the puck. But even with this precedent, few people would have considered the games of 1938 to be cheap; indeed, it is hard to imagine how any game in which a non-sportsman reaches the speed of 30 miles an hour could enter this category, for the smallest of shows involved at that speed brings quick results.

The demonstrations continued, with the Association having difficulty at an unusual person's attempt to professionalise a sport which had got along without that person's assistance for 20 years. The argument ended when Boardwalk started a breakaway movement with 40 members; and the epilogue was a note from the Canadian Association declaring that it had never welcomed a visit by Canadians to Australia.

Shortly afterwards, Boardwalk entered a new field of entertainment. The Association, nevertheless, had received a slip from the entrepreneurs, and ice hockey had captured public imagination. The war took many of its stars, but this, the Association thinks, has helped the sport, for it has enabled them to concentrate on producing new players.

Ice hockey is, perhaps, the most cordy of amateur sports which has spectator-interest, for it costs the average player £35 for gear and he can add to this amount consid-

erably if he breaks a stick; it is not unusual for a really keen player to break two sticks in one night.

The man who is unfortunate enough to suffer injury receives no compensation other than that produced by club benefits.

John Paton, secretary of the N.E.W. Association, who helped to form the organization, considers that Australia could, with experience, hold its own in the international sphere. One of the standing factors to advancement, however, is that Sydney possesses but one rink and Melbourne two.

Canada has countless natural rinks upon which the embryo player may reach proficiency, and America has almost as many, natural and man-made. London has eight major rinks, and almost every English city has at least one.

There is, Paton considers, room for two more rinks in Sydney, and one in Melbourne. He supports his statement by adding that many of our servicemen intent to skate in Canada and will be keen to continue the sport at home. Furthermore, many Americans who have been skating since childhood will return to Australia.

The unions, both Melbourne and Sydney unions will welcome back many of their men who have been in uniform. Among them are Jimmy Brown, Australia's speed champion and winner of the British Championship in 1932, and Ken Kennedy, who, as the British champion of 1934, represented Britain in the Olympic Games.

These men would, Paton says, form the basis of a team which

would be comparable in the world's best.

It is a pointer to present-day regularity of hockey that last year the Glaciarium in Sydney— for the first time in its 40 years of life—was compelled to close its doors in order to keep out such customers. The occasion was the match between the Services and the Rest of Australia, and more than 1,000 would-be spectators were unable to gain entry.

Ice hockey is well on its way. It is an amateur sport which has withstood many years of unpopularity, and which is now nearly ready to reach major-sport rating. Unlike most of our other main pastimes, it is not possible to play hockey on vacant allotments from childhood, and, in fact, those who play the game are dependent on skating skill during only three months in the year

—the time made available to make which are in the summer months devoted to other pleasures.

It has everything the spectator demands: speed, science, and spontaneity. It is becoming more and more popular with the masses—and it is the masses which make any sport popular both from the participation point of view and from the box-office angle.

But any sport, no matter how spectacular, needs presentation—the kind of showmanship which makes even wrestling in its present day form good to look at. It is one of the weaknesses of amateur sport that such showmanship is lacking. And certainly, this lack is also amateur sport's greatest attraction, for spectators or no spectators, "flybiter" will continue to play their chosen game with undiminished enthusiasm.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

Nov. 19



He surrounded himself with some of the most beautiful women of the day

STUART McDONALD

a world of WOMEN

FRANCIS I of France is remembered in history as a great patron of art and chemistry, as well as the monarch who laid the foundations of centralized royal rule which was to govern in this country for three centuries. He was also, as a close study of his life shows, one of the greatest unashamed and unabashed of his day.

In his youth he observed the Renaissance which full flower in Italy and produced that wealth of art, learning and culture which was to permeate the whole of Europe with new ideas and, eventually, lead to the sweeping away of many outmoded institutions and the reform of others. Coming to the throne at the age of 20, he fostered the growth of the new learning and the new artistic impulse which had spilled over from the Italian garden. In this he was ably abetted and aided by his sister, Marguerite of Angoulême, "Pearl of the Valley," beautiful and intelligent. She was famed as a scholar, poetess and philosopher, and as a patroness of men of art and letters in

a country that up to that time had attached more importance to the sword and the battleship than to the pen and the artist's brush.

Disturbingly beautiful, too, she had long, lashed violet eyes and fair, abundant hair. Possessed of complete liberty of mind, she could be described as unreligious, but even her critics admitted that a natural tenderness kept her pure to an age when chastity was not regarded as essential in ruling females or amongst the ladies of the court.

Under such an influence it is not to be wondered at that the period of Francis's reign came to be described as The Great Age of Women. Through them flowed the true current of the Renaissance and the developments that sprang from it. Later, the men would take up arms and be of such others' threats; but for that time being the new culture was introduced and encouraged in France for the pleasure of the ladies.

Strangest and most fascinating of the expression of Francis's sensuality was his Petite Bande—27

ladies, chosen above all others for their beauty and accomplishments, and led by the royal mistress, Madame d'Etampes. This Petite Bande were accompanied the king on his hunting excursions in the forests—and he was a great hunter. Physical perfection was only one of the qualifications required to obtain entry to this female entourage. A woman's wisdom, grace, gentle, delicate disposition—was a case of "Be bright or die!"

Later and Greek entered into it, too; and the ability to dance, and converse rapidly lightly too with skill.

The king himself selected the poems of his "plume" bands. Within doors they were designed to tone with the furnishings of the palace, and outside, changed colors in accordance with the tone of the royal liveries and in keeping with the particular sport or diversion decided on by the kingly "ladies' men."

Old records show that 16 1/2 lbs of material (an ell is a yard and a quarter) were an average length for such dress—though sometimes more was needed. Madame Camille, however, must have been a glutton for beauty, for she required 16 1/2.

Francis preferred his 27 beauties to any Provencal.

Among them was Katherine De Medici, who called herself in this chit company in order to gain the king's ear and thus counter the influence of her rival, Diane of Poitiers, her husband's mistress. The king's daughter-in-law, Katherine, was busy to be the mother of three kings of France

and, through them, to leave her indelible story, punctuated by the woman's dagger and the poison-bottle in French history.

Diane of Poitiers also deserves a paragraph to herself.

Widow of Louis De Breze, whom she married when she was but a girl, she resembled the goddess after which she was named. She had narrow hips, almond eyes, straight and lustrous hair of chestnut brown, skin of porcelain purity that even in old age remained so unblemished and sweet. She was 38 when the king's son then only 18, succeeded to her throne. She ruled him by this love throughout his life. Accepted as the perfect model for the goddess of the chase, her likeness was perpetuated on a thousand statues which graced the castles and parks of Renaissance France.

"The loveliest of the learned and the most learned of the lovely," Anne de Pisseville, was there. A king's mistress, her maid, as well as her body, appeared to Francis.

And the ill-fated Anne Boleyn was also a member of this famous "female flying squad" of French court.

In fairness, it must be pointed out that the members of the Petite Bande were not necessarily perfect beauties in the modern idea. Like Lord Clive in other matters, he confined himself with amazing moderation and dignity to affairs of the heart, of which he had plenty. Learned, and having exhibited a love of culture, he surrounded himself with feminine gentleness as a foil to the rough one of the middle ages from

HATE OF HIM

Whell' join with me now in a lullu nation,
With the addition of various phrases preferred
Whell' sing with me now on anticipatory diaps
All-hailing the death of a lullu nation!
Come lift up your voice in loud exultation
And thus the lullu to coronate in domination.
Who, you ask—and quite rightly so—
Is he an whom such abuse I bestow?
Oh, you know him well, as I'll now designate him
Let's join forces to slay and to hate him!
He's the fellow who, when you feel that the time is ripe
and circumstances are all in your favor, and you are
assured that of late you have mastered the art of the
recapitulate and have lost loved a job worthy of your
skill, doesn't recognize the honor you've done in
having us him conferred to.

But surely mistaken, "Yes, I've heard it"

—W.G.D.

which Francis, under his leadership, was executing.

Historians regard him as a great king; his ministers were often executioners, and his judgment broadminded and tolerant, considering the prejudices of the time.

Leonardo da Vinci, greatest artist and thinker of his time, was his honored guest. Later, Boss renegade Coligny, that amazing writer and adventurer, came to Francis to back in the royal patronage. Others whose names were already famous—poets, painters, sculptors, artists, skilled to Fort-madness or Amboise, or one of the other changing centers in which Francis held his court.

Around him the king gathered the nobles of France—arrogant and ruthless, but all becoming willing actors in what developed

into a huge kaleidoscope of power. The Field of the Cloth of Gold was the supreme highlight in a series of spectacular parties thrown to impress the other rulers in Europe.

The French ambassador wrote that never during the term of his embassy did the court remain in the same place 15 days together. With his retinue of 12,000 horse, his carriages and his baggage wagons, and his "hundreds of footmen," Francis visited the countryside, going to every city in glances of royal power at its slowness and putting the local nobility in the shade.

Closest the painter has left a portrait of Francis, at the age of 34, when he had already been king for four years. He had the pleasantly unusual, brown-haired face of a youth, eyes narrow and spark-

ling, with a trace of irony at the corners, a long elegant nose, a smile that was open and authentic. He could win a dazzling victory, ride like a conqueror, sense the beauty of a lady or a painting or the technique of a drawing.

"I am able to make a prince," said Francis; "but only God can make an artist."

The wonders of creation were not neglected in his observation. Witness the spring of Veronique among whereby the king watched the ladies of his court bathing in the groves at Fontainebleau. A diverting novelty!

It was an age when life was noble to be not short by many diseases or fatalities. Its tempo was quickened by the romance, although its hygiene did not keep pace with art. Consequently, it was and by the ladies of high degree—

"In these days we must weep no time, we make the least delay, but the women attended the women shall we be taken and captured."

This transmission of the French court, although it continued to lose thinking that later brought many reforms, was to have a debilitating effect on the ruling families of France. Until the fall of the Bourbon in "The French Revolution," the Royal House was almost insanely dominated by women.

Although a great hunter and a brave man, Francis was a woman's man. "A ballast, spoiled child," he has been called. He was created as a god which still a child.

"My Cousin, my son," murmured his mother (Louise of Savoy) over his cradle.

Even his sister Marguerite, idol of the intellectuals, wrote to him as their women—

"I was poorer before you were born. You are more to me than father, mother, and husband. Compared to you, husband and children count as nothing."

His most devoted friends were women. Truly he was A World of Women.



THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED MISER



LEE HARTFORD

"WE had a ship's carpenter named Martin Wherry," admitted the captain of the *Arcton* to the detective. "I discussed him about the time of the robbery for some petty offences. Do you think . . . ?"

"I don't think anything," said the detective. "What I want to know is . . . ?" He opened his note-book and wrote: "Sydney, 14th February, 1908. Martin Wherry."

He looked at the captain from beneath his cuffs of cynicism. "How many sovereigns were there on the strong box?"

"Twenty thousand. We were to ship them down to Williams town, Victoria, and then transfer the box to the larger ship for Colombo. The robbery wasn't discovered until the box was opened in India. It was full of lead scrap and balls. How the man did it is a mystery to me. The safe looked quite undisturbed.

Gold taken from a British ship brought only evil to the thief.

He must have used a skeleton key."

The detective continued: "You say this Martin Wherry was on the ship at the time of the robbery?"

"Yes . . . a shifty character. I was continually annoyed with him. He seemed to walk deliberately into trouble, so I discussed him. He left no forwarding address, of course . . . but I'm betting the sovereigns are giving him a good time somewhere."

Martin Wherry, at that moment, was knocking brush around his shack. It was a very modest shack, with a well-tended and tender walk, and the nearest point of civilization was the Victorian town of Inverloch.

The floor inside the hut was made of tightly-runged logs, and the bed was a layer of branches. The only respectable piece of furniture was a rusted stove-plate,

which invariably remained locked.

This was the last of a poor man . . . the home of a lonely, bearded creature with haunted, unhappy eyes. And yet, when the Sydney police finally traced his flight through the bush, he could not explain the presence of an golden sovereigns, unconsciously concealed in a bar of soap in his sock.

Placed on the witness stand of a Sydney court of justice, Wherry was stubborn and uncommunicative.

"You were the ship's carpenter on the *Arcton*?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had access to all of the ship's tools?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it was possible for you to fashion a skeleton key. One to fit the lock of the ship's safe?"

"Yes, sir. It was possible."

"You were dismissed from the *Arcton*?"

"Yes, sir."

"According to the log, you were dismissed because you absented yourself without leave for three hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you go?"

"I visited a friend, sir. A woman."

"Can you give her address?"

"I don't know it, sir."

The cross-examination went on for days. Finally, it was boiled down to a few important and pending facts. Martin Wherry had access to tools which may have helped him to commit the robbery. He absented himself without leave for three days time enough to conceal the loot, and immediately

afterwards, as a consequence of his prolonged absence, he was dismissed from the *Arcton*.

He fled from Sydney and built a hut in one of the wildest, best-frequented parts of Victoria. And when the police searched the shack they found no sovereigns.

But why did Martin Wherry make no attempt to leave the country? Why was he content to live with his fabulous loot in the poorest and most miserable circumstances?

The prosecution dismissed these questions. Martin Wherry was clearly guilty of the crime. The judge sentenced him to five years' hard labor . . . with the promise of leniency if the accused revealed the hiding place of the treasure.

But Martin Wherry remained silent.

Walking from the court-house under escort to prison, hundreds of curious onlookers saw his bearded eyes, and the story re-creation of his lips.

Someone shouted: "Where did you hide it? I could do with some of that money."

Martin Wherry kept his eyes fixed on the ground. "Give us a clue," the crowd was shouting. "We'll go and look for it. Give us a clue!"

That night, the case was once more told over the dinner-tables. "Some luck," the men were saying. "I'd spend five years in jail if I knew I'd find twenty times and waiting for me when I got out."

"They won't let him get it, will they?" shouted the conversation. "Then I'll haunt him and follow

FROM an American Gun The Top First possession.

A man had been the keeper of a light-house for many years. Every hour every night through-out these years, the clock had struck a thousand times, and the keeper had stood on watch—on a watch. One evening, the clock struck every hour until 12 o'clock—midnight, due to a fault in the mechanism, it failed to strike.

The keeper looked out of bed, gazed around widely and yelled "What was that?"

him and question him until he'll have to give in. He'll come out of jail, and they'll chase him and they'll persecute him until he tells his secret."

Thus it was sensational news and interesting when the papers told of Wiberg's dramatic escape. On the way to jail, he made a wild break for freedom. And before the startled detectives could recover, he disappeared into the stone jungle of Sydney's slums.

A Gordon was immediately thrown around the district, and also in the vicinity of his shack at Inverloch. The search was a thorough one. But Martin Wiberg had disappeared.

The law expects if we cannot find the robber, we must find the loot. Prizes poured in from the owners of the money in India. Something had to be done.

The police sent some of their crack men to Inverloch—not to bring back a man, but to find a pot of gold.

The humble little shack was taken to pieces, stick by stick, and the carefully stamped floor was dug thoroughly and sifted. Each rough article of furniture was examined for traps or clues. The rusted wrench was ordered to splinters and the few belongings were to shreds. The surrounding bush was demolished and ploughed and the circles were dug.

The search took almost an month, and finally a statement was made. "The missing treasure is not in the vicinity of Wiberg's hut at Inverloch."

But thousands of romantic treasure-seekers refused to take an official statement as the final word. Hundreds of offers poured in to buy the son of Wiberg's demolished hut. Adventurers sold everything they had, and tramped to Inverloch to find the missing treasure.

Imagination stimulated a minor gold-rush at Inverloch. . . . treasure hunters without claims who tore up the bush indiscriminately and played the transom for information concerning the mysterious disappear of the treasure.

And then the fever broke itself out, and the broken bush was quiet again.

Years passed, and the incident of Martin Wiberg was almost forgotten in Inverloch. The children grew up, and the old people died, and over the spot where Wiberg's cabin was demolished grass began to grow like the grass on the mound of a grave.

In official circles, the matter was reluctantly closed. The police department hesitated to admit that

they could not find Martin Wiberg. And even more reluctantly did they admit that they could discover no trace of the treasure he had spirited away.

The loss was entered on the debit sheet of the Indian firm, and history turned a page.

Those who still remembered the incident spoke privately of a bearded, hard faced man who gambled for a fortune and finally gained it.

They imagined him living in luxury . . . somewhere in Europe perhaps, with all the pleasures that a man could desire.

But if these people could have questioned the authorities concerning Martin Wiberg, they would have been told: "Wiberg was not allowed to leave Australia. We have been steadily checking every ship, and we are convinced that, if he is alive, he is still here."

And so might have closed the story of the man who was too frightened to spend a instant, if there had not been an epilogue.

Ten years after Wiberg's disappearance, a young Inverloch farmer was walking through a lonely part of the bush when he stumbled upon a skeleton. The bones were yellowed and cracked, but it was hunched in the posture of a man who is bowed down with some unbearable grief. The farmer felt a swift spasm of pity, and might have passed on, if the man had not glanced on something amongst the bones. Bending down, he saw, clutched at the bony hands, three weather-worn cow signs.

The authorities put many interpretations on the story of the skeleton. The unfortunate man may have been another treasure hunter who managed to find traces of the loot. Or he may have been someone entirely disconnected with the case.

But there are many who believe the hunched bones were the remains of the ill-fated Martin Wiberg, in death still grasping the wealth he could never enjoy.





THE FIRST JITTERBUG

the challenge of a Zoo elephant brought a flash of inspiration.

DOUGLAS LAW

THE less, strutting, young man hung over the fence of the elephant house at the Zoo and watched the elephant swing from one back foot to another in perfect rhythm.

Here, he thought, was poetry in motion—the careless, effortless, rhythmic sway of a couple of tons of awkward animal from side to side.

The young man was deadly serious. In the elephant's gyrations he saw a brand new jitterbug routine, and pretty soon the enthusiastic onlookers were doing it with unabated gusto at Bill Merson's dance studio near the Newtown Bridge (N.S.W.).

Merson, 39-year-old, tough-looking Newborough, has added a new "Era" to Australia's dance for world recognition. For, according to the Lithgow-born teacher of dancing himself, he is the world originator of the jitterbug craze which in twenty years has revolved around the globe.

Merson challenges any dancing teacher or society in the world to duplicate this, and he's now pack-

ing up to go to America to stake his claim to world recognition as the propagator of jive.

Here's how it all started. Merson, who has always had dancing in his blood, and always seemed to be teaching somebody more new dance steps he'd worked out, came, uninvited, very back in 1927, to apply the basic principles of his then unorthodox dance steps to the new rhythm which dance musicians were just then beginning to develop to replace the old jazz tempo.

In those days Merson was travelling out in the far western area of New South Wales, selling tea and running a highway sign, living in a 6 x 8 tent that housed, as well as himself, his motor power saw, gramophone and one recording on the new, fascinating tempo. When ever he could, he got hold of a cooperative band, played them the record, and induced them to put in the new rhythm beat, lasting up the old jazz tempo so that he could perfect his new dance technique.

Soon Merson was teaching the new technique. Like all projects of a new rise, he found the going a bit hard. The jumble-bum of 1927 were crazy. They thought the june of those days was the best and model of the dance business.

But Merson wasn't discouraged. He perfected his first jitterbug routine by adopting the smooth flow of the old barn dance or the horchacha-chacha rhythm with the accent on the 2-4 beat. He started giving lessons in orthodox dancing, at the same time spreading the gospel of jive to those of his pupils who were willing, apt and unshakable enough to learn it.

Among his early pupils were negro women on American over-channels in Sydney, who swapped her hot records for jitterbug instruction. Somewhere between them and the start of the real jive era the Yanks worked on his routine, gave it a name and a vernacular, and it became a dance craze—as well as a state of mind.

Merson claims he has taught hundreds of thousands of people to jitterbug. He gave 60,000 lessons to Yanks swimming alone during the war years.

With fundamentals perfected, Merson, years ago, started going to the Zoo for inspiration for new jazz routines.

He said: "I watched the elephants. Haven't you ever noticed the graceful sway of an elephant? I watched it for hours and I found out how this cumbersome animal managed to get so much grace into it."

"I spent hours leaning over the

bar gate. I watched all the animals. I worked out a lot of my basic body movements—the contra body roll, for instance—after hours of watching the polar bears ripple in and out of their rock pool."

Just remember that, the next time you do the contra body-roll—you can thank the polar bears.

Merson doesn't discount English-style ballroom dancing; he teaches it as well as jitterbugging, but he shakes his head over it.

"Dancing that's had more put on it," is the way he describes this type of ballroom art. "From what I can see of the Dancing Board of England, they've got to the stage where they've nearly choked it with their corners. The best teacher, don't seem to be able to originate new dances, and are only teaching out what are known to dancing teachers as 'analogue dances.'"

He disputes the claims of the under-English dancing instructors that jitterbugging can look far worse to no more than another five years' popularity. It is, he symbolises of these hurred days as the white supremes the new tempo of Strauss's time.

In advent, he says, was the inevitable result of the increased rate of daily living—a maintenance of a busy world seeking to reconcile its pleasures with today's pace.

Merson insists vehemently that jitterbugging is conducive to moral health. The dancer, he says, are on the floor for one purpose—to dance. The routine are simplified, therefore demand from participants the utmost concentration

SEE WE GO AGAIN!

Strains are not very vital,
 Their knowledge of the world is broad
 And who can blame the young father
 For wishing he was anything rather
 For on coming parent's life is harassing
 When caring children grow demanding,
 By demanding in their nursery
 Daring songs and romances.
 And limited as in his scope
 He must be migration prone
 Thus, to break monotony,
 He resorts to history,
 And joins the body in a rhapsody
 "Tavira gathering rain to stop

—W.G.G.

As a result, the dancers are neither consciously nor subconsciously aware of the flesh.

Equally reluctantly, he refuses the charge that jitterbugging symbolises the decadence of this age. He admits that it is less inhibited than the dances of previous years, but sees this as a pointer to its future. Most of us, he says, were taught the urge to live not when time, daily conversation and jitterbugging provided, therefore, a foil to frustration. He emphasises that his observations in this regard have no relation to sex.

Another important point in favor of jitterbugging is that it makes heavy demands upon the muscles of those who practice it. Consequently, enthusiasts must maintain physical fitness. He recommends it as a general relaxation and a physical exercise. He

has seen athletes whose success depends upon their bodily fitness reach a point of near exhaustion on attempting to maintain the tempo set by a proficient partner.

And, he adds, any decent pastime which affords pleasure to those who participate needs no defence.

Some of the new "amalgamations" quoted by Bill Marston are enough to make one suspect sitting out for the rest of the evening. The first one goes like this: You take a leather strap, work it in with a string, add a telegraph and a cross-stitch.

But that's just child's play to the next "amalgamation" — the Turning Lock Left Whole Swivel to Follow. The simple little thing is described by Alex Moore (Fellow and Ex-president of the Imperial Dancing Society of

England) as a current English suggestion danced to the dance as "quite suitable and most attractive to dance." And if you're wondering what to work it to, it's also described as "one of the most popular variations of the waltz."

Marston D. for the week partner in this "amalgamation," made the same grim, provoked, tired struggle, and is calculated to drive anybody into the arms of a boy out.

"Come right foot firmly behind left foot with both feet flat and legs locked," the instructor says. "Then left body turn slightly to left as lady overtakes on her Left Whisk."

A very well-sustained effort, I'd say, and, as Bill Marston pointed out, it doesn't sound like the first jocular movement you get from jitterbugging.

There's no professional jealousy even though Alex Moore recently wrote an article called "The Jitterbug Marston."

"Oh, no," Marston said, doing a neat line in quarter twos. "That stuff won't win. Look at this," and, with his arms outstretched, he brought rhythm to life in the "Marston five."

Jitterbugging and stumblers will win the day, Marston believes, because they are the emotional dances of the happy heart. But don't get him wrong when he says "emotional." He doesn't mean sex. There's no sex in jitterbugging, he says; neither is there any in stumblers.

Marston's book for this theory is that there's not the close hold over the chest to chest clutch in

swing. Furthermore, a stumbler doesn't have to work up the bones to get a lift. He gets that from the feet.

Incidentally, both words — jitterbug and jive — mean exactly the same thing, Marston explains.

It's a different thing when you come to Boogie woogie. Boogie woogie is sexy, and both Marston and his wife say this dance is not for the ballroom.

Both the Marstons agree that nothing is so character-revealing as the way each individual jitterbugs.

A step back can be a rhythmical step back or a provocative walk a ludicrous twist of the hip or a nodding to what makes up your character, they say. According to him, Marston, you can tell a man's hopes the way a man jives whether or not he is the type who'd stand a girl all over in the close hold of English-style ballroom dancing.

Out at the Marston's ballroom at Newport Bridge you can take on the rhythm of 1946 in many forms and guises and learn enough in one night to hold your own at any right spot. There are 29 different jitterbug dances taught in so many routines that this can't be calculated, and each different dance has more than three variations. The three basic variations are the young type, the middle-aged type, and the elderly version.

It's Marston's aim always to "teach you a routine to suit your personality."

"Take what I call the 'heart squirt,'" he says. "He comes out here with his coat too short and ripped in at the waist, and knows

"I'll waunt, whineed and appeared her way into the doctor's consulting room. The latter regarded her sternly before saying:

"My dear woman! You are even heavier now than when you called on me and are before. Are you sure that you have kept steady to the diet I set?"

"The woman hesitated as to what to say.

"And you have eaten nothing else?"

"Nothing whatever. Except, of course, my regular meals!"

ing everything. Well, that's what he wants, as I give him a pitter-patter routine to match."

Bill Merson watches the excitement at present, is being in the middle of the serious battle that's going on over dancing with England at one end and America at the other. The Ledeborgs from Aussie says that nationally Americans resemble Americans with their love of freedom and hatred of red-tape, but, as well, we're startled with the Englishman's "old" couples.

"English people," Merson commented, "are practically smothered in the belief that what is old is right. It is characteristic of them that they love tradition and antiquities."

Merson says he likes antiques, too, hanging on the wall or ornamenting the sideboard, but not on the dance floor.

If you go in for the antique like you want to learn the "Lindy Hop," one of the most popular pre dances for the ballroom or

saloon. The Lindy Hop is just a heated-up goosey with enough Merson says.

Merson has watched the dancers at his studio and ballroom change over the year years until now he has dancers from every suburb in Sydney. Socialists go regularly; the intelligent types, too, as well as the gawking Smart Alex who has took it up.

Disfranchising in this country really did get a lift when the Yanks were here. Merson says hundreds of them come out to Newtown walk after work from GI's through all ranks up to colonel, and it was the same with the Dutch.

When Merson is working on a new routine—which is practically seven days a week — then home takes up the appearance of a rehearsal.

"I'm half-way through my breakfast egg, and something on the radio will just fix a rhythm in Bill's mind," says Mrs. Merson. "In a second we're jigger-buggering till he gets a set—and then I go on with my egg."

Always within reach, too, while he's eating, are Mr. Merson's honey jars. Some have honey in them to varying depths, others have sand, water or sugar. When he thinks of it Bill jiggles the jars about and the rum and rill of the different liquids give him a new rhythm idea which he develops.

Besides having claim to being owner of the pitter-patter, Merson has another important claim. He says he's the only man in the world from whom you can buy a correspondence course in jigger-buggering.

grip. He's a commercial artist and draughtsman, and he draws out his routines. He knows he's the only one doing this, because he's written to dancing teachers all over the world, asking them for their courses, and they haven't got them. They tell him you can't put wing on paper, but Bill Merson has.

The Mersons will give you rustic battle with Americans dancing teachers with full confidence in America, Bill expects, the jiggerbug road will be paved with more gold than here, and it will

be more going there compared to what he's had to put up with here from many people.

"I've been peered at, shuddered and written all as a crack," he said. "But I'm not a crack, I just love dancing."

According to Merson, jiggerbugging will definitely win the fight between the old dances and the new.

He and his wife believe that V Day on the dance floor will see the pitter-patter winning the peace terms, but they reckon on at least a seven year conflict.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



Personally Speaking

ELERY QUINN, the penname of Frederic Denny and Marston S. Lee, organized the Mystery Writers of America, but on the ground that detective story writers are grossly underpaid.

WILL ROGERS Jan., recently discharged from the U.S. Army, is to play the part of his famous father in a movie tentatively titled "The Life of Will Rogers."

MARGARET CATHER JOYCE, widow of Will-on "Lord Here-Here"! Joyce, though Manchester-born, is now considered a German subject.

ELLEN STALKER, Flight-Sergeant in the WAAF, refused to be demobilized though her name headed the drum. But A widow, hence a grandmother, the 12-year-old WAAF keeps on with her duties on a stick.

GEORGE SZELL, Czech conductor, who temporarily toured Australia in 1935, is now conductor of America's Cleveland Orchestra. He was formerly with the Metropolitan Opera, N.Y.

LARRY TOSCANI, 21-year-old U.S. officer, ran 100 yards in 15 seconds—three seconds outside his previous record, but presumably because he was making his first run with his artificial leg.

FRANK MORBERT was tossed out of a Berlin nightclub when hobnobbers recognized him as Herbert Schirring. The toss was for his pre-Nazi sympathies, not for his famous song, "Lili Marlene."

JEAN CROTE, French impressionist, has taken out world patents for a method of casting pictures from scraps of colored glass. His fellow impressionists, Picasso and Matisse, permitted reproductions of their work by the Croth technique.

RICHARD TAUBER has taken time out from singing to conduct the orchestra at a London season at Decca Records, a new version of Dea Phedonius.

PETER VAN PAASSEN, Dutch writer of best sellers on world affairs, has saved American clippings. He was studying for the Methodist Church in 1914 when he enlisted in the first World War.

★ Right: Study in new-modes





Passing Sentences

Everybody is ignorant, except on different subjects.

She was one of those women who have gender but not sex.

The "upper crust" is a lot of crumbs held together by its own dough.

When a man speaks he is trying to be logical. When a woman speaks she is trying to be irresistible.

One is never too old to yarn.

He was a believer in punctuality, although it made him very lonely.

She was the kind of woman who throws herself away, but takes careful aim first.

It takes two to make a marriage — a single girl and an anxious mother.

The female of the species is dearer than the male.

A diplomat is a man who can convince his wife that a woman looks fat in a fur coat.

Elegant is the art of saying the proper thing and then stopping.

Our girls are now spring off the men out of bridal curiosity.

Definition of married man — went to bed.

A bust is something a lady wears.

Many of us spend half our time wishing for things we could have if we didn't spend half our time wishing.

We know a big business man who starts his conversation through a cigar.

And we know a girl whose dreams perch on the verge of tears.

A mother's life is disorganized around her children.

Flame is only a magnifying glass.

Left: Picture by Fredrickson. By: Gary Allen ☆

Fishing for barracuda is not a new thing for the apartment dweller.



Greyhounds OF THE DEEP

WENDY ANDREWS

"**ARR-RR KERN!**" The high note of the rich tenor voice of Nicolo Pasquati rang with the roll and crash of the nearby boats as the Italian fisherman pointed the lightest boat to the swell of San Street.

We had run with the racing outward tide down the narrow passage between San Remo on the Victorian mainland and New Haven, the little fishing village tucked away in the corner of Phillip Island in Western Port Bay.

The day was fine, the wind was choppy, and Nicolo, his head on the tiller, stood in the stern, his blue pullover slung open at the neck, his dangerous trousers rolled up above his knees, beamed steadily on his watchful ahead fish. The breeze whipped the long, silvery black back over his laughing, black eyes, and the sun glistened on the smooth, yellow-tinted, copper face.

The exuberant richness of Nicolo's song reached me where

I sat, back to the mast, watching the power dip to the onrushing wave, left to the wind, and now down into the mast trough. How that man loved the rush of the water, the crack of the tackle and the breath of the ocean on his face!

Seeing him checking his gear that morning, I had strolled along the low cliff to a spot above his boat. I did not fancy the night trips which he was accustomed to make.

"**Hi!**" he called eagerly. "You come with me, *cacha da barra da con?*"

"Yes, Nicolo, I think so. Will it be enough?"

"**Zanghi! Ah, no!**" He pointing made flaked an exposure of white teeth. "Best day for da con. What you call it, *choppy?*"

I wanted to clamber down the slope, but he stopped me with his call.

"**No! No!** You go back, *geis da old clothes,*" he stressed. "Go

you come home all stinks like my boat."

This, however, would not have been so bad, for although barracuda scales left an deck planking well soon palliate a boat so that it smells to high heaven, Nicolo's small little craft always stinks like a new pin.

On my return, arrived naturally, he dragged the dory as far up the mast as he could, slumped playfully the long bottom of his three-pun old sea, sending him rearing away to his mother, pushed off through the shallow water, pulled up the hook, and we were sliding out into the current, the first boat of the fleet of twenty down the channel.

Straight out we ran, heading south, until only the tops of the Straloch Ranges were a distant and murky horizon. For Nicolo worked much further out than most fishermen. He was singing still, but his eyes were on a wide arc of the sky rather than on the water as I found him in the stern.

"**Ser! Ser!**" He broke off his song in the middle of a high note to point excitedly. "Da bird, he draw for da little bits da ocean as con?"

It seemed but a fancy, being dead to me, but as the formation reflected, I recognized it as a flight of mutton birds which swooped down on to the choppy surface of the ocean. A school of barracuda was on the feed a mile distant and as we cut through the water I could see the flash of an occasional lung, silvered body as an attacking fish leaped out of the sea.

"How da you fish for these

Nicks?" I asked, seeing him give a last glance at his rod, which he preferred to the short hand lines not infrequently used. His was but a tin foot, rough angling, and the tackle consisted of three feet of strong cord line, a foot of light chain, and a piggin.

The piggin was a piece of pine, cut to cigar shape, four to five inches long and one inch in diameter. The hooks were two very strong, barbed "juni" set at right angles at the end of the piggin. Hooks set back to back would have had one wide a spread for the mouth of the average fish.

Nicolo looked at me with ill-concealed amazement at my ignorance before saying simply, "You weigh me."

On his direction I went forward to the mast chair of the fish well. He set his course and, as we started the dory stood in the stern and studying the film with his foot, seeing the rod, "Zibbi!" the piggin is and out, then streaming up the water with the rod itself.

"**Hi! hi!**" he called, "I'll get my fish," I murmured to myself, for the only bait used was a piece of red rag. But Nicolo prayed, pleaded, and sang alternately as we ran into the shoal at a head speed of about five miles an hour.

"**Fish! Fish!** Da ocean towards me," roared Nicolo. "Da big fish, da beautiful as shiny fish is fish da belly of my poor little Tuna." Remembering the expediency of his alluring, I considered this more of a rite than a prayer of necessity.

The swiftness, dexterity, size, size, our ocean greyhounds were every where; hundreds of them, thousands of them from two to four

Snake Alive!

If you still think a snake can be crushed like a whip — read this.

MARK ANTONY



MOST Australians are prepared to apply to snakes the American pioneer's dictum that the only good Indian is a dead one. There are some, however, who do not subscribe to that philosophy; they get their living from snakes—live ones—or else they, save their lives as snakes—again live ones.

In the latter class are all those who, having been bitten by one of the more deadly species, have been saved by an injection of anti-venom, a serum derived from snake venom. This is one undesirable case where a poison is its own antidote.

In ranking of the world's most dangerous jobs, snake catching has been placed by many second to the life, grade of place being accorded to snake milking. Both snake catchers and snake milkers fall into the class of those who get their living from live snakes.

There are two classes of snake catchers—the quick and the dead. George Cane has been among the quick for over thirty-five years, and he has caught and handled snakes throughout that period.

Since 1940 he has been in charge of the reptiles at the Zoo

logical Gardens at Taronga Park, Sydney, but for thirty years prior to that showed snakes in every State in Australia and he caught his own snakes in all States except Northern Territory.

In nature's little capital to set up in the business of snake catching, the main outlay being for a good snake. It demands other assets, however, that not every man job snags and the chief of these are quickness of eye and hand, and safe sound judgment.

Find your snake in the first rule of the game. That might sound easy, but two-legged snakes do not consent to talking the bag. High mountain country is not too good for a big hand and the best catches get made in low-lying, swampy country, the marshes cover that.

Twenty-five to thirty are a good average day's catch. The late Thomas E. Enloe, known through out Australia as "Pambo" and the acknowledged "snake king" of his day, once caught 180 in one day in the Mitta Valley near Tallangatta, Victoria, but the river was in flood and the reptiles had been driven out from their cover on to the higher and drier ground.

The Mitta is recognized as one of the best localities for snakes in Australia, and it was here that Pambo made his best catch of 300 for a week. Mr. Cane leaves the Murray near Albury as his usual hunting ground, but acknowledges the superiority of the Mitta for quantity.

The tiger snake, which is one of the most venomous, is also one of the most profitable, but he is too dangerous in the daytime than on a hot night. Then he will coil up on an open track and the unseen, trip passer-by does not know he has trodden on him until he feels a whiplash—grating, cordlike—when looking round his legs. The average length of the tiger is only about 3 feet 6 inches, but the big types of Flinders Island have been tagged up to seven, the usual length of the common brown snake, one of the quickest in the world. In Northern Queensland, there is a Giant Brown, or Typus, growing up to twelve feet, with half-inch fangs, a hole from which is nearly always fatal. George Cane can catch him the most dangerous to catch.

Then, with the deathadders, the copperheads, the red-bellied blacks and the constructives, such as the pythons and the common carpet snakes are the main species in Australia. They offer a good range of quarry to any would-be snake hunter.

Do not expect a big bag on a glazing hot day because snakes, like humans, feel the heat and are cooling off in the water or under shelter on such days; the cool, dull day in summer is likely to give the best results.

Snakes have hollow eyes, but while not having good sight but a well-tuned sense enables them to get on motion. Having located the quarry in a track, under a sheet of bark, or in a hollow log, approach circumspectly, the open bag in one hand. Snaker knowledge and experience only will tell you when to grab his tail, snap him straight up and dump him into the bag. If you have been quick enough, you have caught your first snake; if not, let him crawl you.

The only snake which Pambo did not catch by the tail was the death adder. This chap is so quick, on the strike, that if that expert could not be absolutely certain of grabbing him just behind the head, he let him go.

The construction, of course, are a different proposition. They must be held by head and tail at once or they will have the crushing death-rack around you in a trice. They are not pleasant to handle single-handed, but George Cane did not mind taking on one himself, provided it was not more than seventeen feet in length.

One advantage the sport offers over all others is that the catcher can always be sure of a seat in a train or truck. As soon as the bag is dropped to the floor, onto though first firmly at the mouth, the hissing, wriggling, purple clear a train compartment is of its magic. Tales of Pambo's experiences on this detour are legion.

Snake farms are probably more numerous and receive far greater attention than fish farms, but most of the more popular ones are lab reared by George Cane as "pet farm house."

TO WINTER

Some poets—especially the
Spring.
And some write poems to
Autumn,
Still more look towards the
Summer.
To Autumn is perhaps best.
But June is for the truly wise.
And perhaps the greatest
When the sun is on the rise—
When, in fact, it's winter
It's worth the risk of winter's
chills.
Laurels the dogs to glory,
For these are but companions
of
His rightly lot of suit
—WGD

If you have had an argument with a reptile and have hit him hard enough in the right place, he is dead, and you do not have to wait till midnight to prove it. Any post mortem examination is sure to give a complete contraction.

As for the snake following its prey, it does. It makes a trail of itself. In the bush the young ones can get into cracks and crevices where the mother cannot reach them, but in two days, the keepers know the exactitude in inches of their charges and take the young away before the mother can reach her offspring.

Then there is that one about the snake and snake fight. Now the old "na," having been bitten, darts off into the bush, rubs back chewing herbs, like Papaya with

his spigonds, then with it to knock all the venom. If the "goanna" eats grass, he does not know much about it here, because snake venom has no more effect on its grass than it has on another snake, and snakes can bite one another till the cows come home.

On the technique of killing, anyone in the bush, and most people in the city can tell you of a man they have heard of who is an expert at slaying them by crushing them like a stick. Very few have actually seen it done, except with carpet snakes and George Cane has seen it attempted with a tiger snake — once! They gave the poor chap a decent funeral — the snake got him on the lip.

Having caught your snakes you must now find your market. Most dealers catch their own, but the various ones may need one stock. The biggest buyer in Australia is the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories, for which Pandie works a few many years, and it is said that the frequent handling of the women was responsible for the snakes which took him finally to the happy hunting grounds.

At the Laboratories, what is claimed to be the world's most dangerous job is carried out as part of the regular routine, when the snakes are "infused" at intervals of about once a month. At least two men are usually present at every operation when, with the reptile properly grasped, it is made to bite and the glands are massaged until all the venom secreted has been ejected into a receptacle.

Then man's old friend, the horse, comes into the picture. Its junction of the venom are given

in increasing quantities until heavy doses are being pumped into the blood stream, which at this stage is highly immunized against snake poison. The extracted serum, known as an antivenom, has had highly satisfactory results.

First-aid treatments tend to change a little over the years. There are plenty of men around the bush whose quick action with an axe following a bite has saved their lives at the loss of the top joint of a finger.

Goody's crystals are the accepted first-aid treatment, but expe-

rience demands a case brewed up on fly experts, costing to the tin daisy to heat the blood, a condition favorable to the working of the venom.

For the same reason, the old trick of pretending to have been bitten in the hope of getting a swig at the deadly bottle is played out. Strong black coffee is George Cane's recommendation as the appropriate beverage. Of course, he may not know much about it, because he has been bitten only about four hundred times during his chosen career.



HAVE HIGH WAGES SPOILT YOUTH?

DOON BLACK

The "teen-agers" of today have a psychological problem to solve.



JOHNNY THOMAS, 15 years of age in 1943, left school to get a job. He could have been apprenticed to a trade—metal working, electrical, perhaps plumbing, perhaps carpentering or some other department of the building industry. He would have been paid a little over \$1 per week, not more than \$1.50 a week, during his first year or any of those years. In his second year he would have attained a wage of \$1.10 a week in metal working or \$1.15/3, etc., in plumbing.

But Johnny knew, or was told, where he could commence in work at \$2 per week; other "Johnnies" were getting that and more. At 16 they were earning \$3; at 17, \$4; by the time they reached 18 they had become used to earning about wages at occupations requiring no particular skill and certainly no long period of application and training.

Youth, taken as a personal entity, cannot be blamed for taking the risk in the flood and wartime exigencies, like rain and tide, wait for no man. It was a time of conflict, real or potential, physical in the case of the soldier, psychologically in the case of the citizen.

The terror of security was based to penetrate or by pass the barriers, pathways and general controls which the industrial system had created to cope with the younger ones of youth. Often the usual restraining influence of dual parental control was lacking, either through the absence of father as a battle-lineman, or in some wartime occupation; and in some cases, by the preoccupation of mother in some form of war effort paid or voluntary.

In fact, it could be said of youth during the war years that he (or she) was often caught between the twin beams of a dilemma formed by the respective demands of war service and war industry. For the comparatively the period between the leaving age and 18 was an interregnum between school and the more serious and menial days when a uniform would be donned. It was not, as in previous days, a preparative period of training as a junior for adult training, or the practice of a profession.

Once he had entered the army, the navy, or the air force, he knew where he was; in spite of the fact that everybody already in uniform said "You'll be wallo!" Most of

those who were reserved for a draft and conscription went on to adult wages in their teens, either through industrial wages or shared war overtime.

But the young men who went into the services only postponed his industrial problem; he has still to go, as a human component, into the industrial machine which is to shape the pattern of our post-war reconstruction.

They are coming back to a industry without training for the jobs they will have to do. Those who were wise enough to enter apprenticeships before enlisting will go on and complete their apprenticeship under rehabilitation plans, many of the others, as drafts will seek the opportunity provided by subsidized training schemes.

Over all, however, broods the question: will the young men who passed from adolescence to manhood during the past four or five years be entitled to accept the hard, unchangeable fact that a period of hard work, close training, and a moderate income based on national standards will have to be based on order to fit him for the needs of peace, and to consolidate his earning power for the future?

In spite of the discipline of the armed services—the fact that everything you do, or don't do, is governed by a regulation—the unfired youth of 16 is a man just as much as his first mate, who may be 28 or 18. There is a "reels," period, of course, but the war strains from youth to man, in either, occur almost overnight.

That does not occur in the order and peacetime. To be a

competent tradesman, recognized as such, means that you have had five years graduated training, with graduated rates of pay.

To the Services again! Thus Johnson goes to the war at 18. He has what it takes in brain and physical coordination. He attains a commission. In the Air Force he can go far in a few years. This applies to the Army; although the emphasis was not so much on youth in the commissioned ranks until late in the war. There are and will be youthful Captains and Majors returning from the war who, according to the standard they had reached in office or in the field before the war, will have to accept as income and work under conditions that will represent a severe deterioration in their earnings and in their prestige.

How will they measure up to the post-war? There are facts, of course, which cannot be hidden. In that respect one might say, they will have "to take it or leave it." But that brings the psychological interrogation: "Where do we go from here?" And: How high wages, and wartime conditions, spoil the youth of the nation?

"The dearth of fully-trained craftsmen is a result of wartime conditions is a great tragedy for industry and the country," said Mr. Douglas Fell, president of the Employers' Federation of New South Wales. "The sooner we can get back to normalcy the better. During the war there was a form of 'black marketing' in wages which deprived more branches of industry of potential craftsmen."

Mr. Fell went on to express the view that this, in its effect on

youth, struck at the very base of citizenship and responsibility. Quality and public service were at the base of true citizenship.

The president of the NSW Trades and Labor Council (Mr. J. D. Kenney) whilst agreeing that there would have been a certain amount of deviation from fair average standards, said that the basic reason was the unavoidable one of the "call-up" for war service. This automatically took away from industry the human material which would otherwise have been channeled to the needs of production. The school leaving age had come up by successive extensions to well into the nineteenth year during the war. Consequently there had been only a comparatively short period during which the youth who was not in a reserved occupation could have taken part in industry.

There were industries not con-

sidered created during the war that had come to production, said Mr. Kenney. Such industries as this would have to be rebuilt by the re-engagement and training of men. The training and retraining schemes which were a necessary corollary of postwar conditions were helping to rectify the deficiencies caused by the impact of war on industry and the absence of so many potential trainees and apprentices at the war.

A manufacturer who does not wish to be quoted, said YES and NO to the question: "Have they been spoiled?" Yes; to the extent that even now concessions and accommodations from their travelling to "hairs do's" in the bath time were offered to tempt juniors into our take overmen. This applied more seriously to girls. The frequency with which such establishments

showed, however, that youth was not as spoiled as might be thought, and was more realistic than to be attracted by something that was of ephemeral benefit — they were realising that the job itself was the thing.

As to the contention that many youthful officers returning from the war were psychologically spoilt as regards fitting into jobs commensurate with their civilian experience, opinion was fairly evenly divided. Some exceptional cases of misfits were adduced. A young man, for instance, having secured an income equivalent to £800 a year, with trials, for some time, above some irritation both at the office and at home through having to buckle down at, perhaps, a humdrum job which is worth from £350 to £380 a year.

A Lieutenant, or a Pilot Officer, of very youthful age, and

so far, allowances and privileges which would bring him near to the £500 a year class, looks down his nose at the rate of £312 per annum which is the most he can look to in business for some considerable time, considering that he had had only the experience of a junior clerk when he left the firm to go to war.

Taking youth generally, it may be said that while it has not been spoilt in the sense of character loss, it has been affected by conditions that were not under its control.

Those who had the advantage of being in reserved occupations were more fortunate than the civilian and will, perhaps, be a big asset problem in industry that the returning strivers who, as the average, are anxious to get to and rebuild that new world that they fought or served for.



Personality hair-do's



11.2 Upstream nose and upstream hands and an upstream attitude generally. Let any rich nose moderately puff its cat and let's all sweep up!



12.1 The Look, under the Look. As soon as they brush their hair this way they all cultivate "the Look," but don't let it mislead you—remember you're no Humphrey Bogart!

Illustration CARAVALADE



13.1 The newest necessary gadget for dames who like talking through their hats.



14.1 If your wife is the type who flaps around in the morning in night gown and hair like a mop she probably thinks she looks like Ingrid Bergman. Don't tell her she's just sloppy, or you'll be him "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

(Continued overleaf)

15) Do you remember the York's Gleeve Chisel? That orange and wooden cut-trip of hairdressers' teen-agers—their hair pointed with a trim of cotton-mint and their heads, too! But their liquid rose oil their own.



16) —And the girl who seems to be popular with all the men — the girl who lets her hair down!

Medicine ON THE MARCH



STAINLESS steel threads as fine as human hair are to be used as remarkable water-resistant string and pliable, the steel threads can be exposed to heat or Kray with excellent results.

"**SULFAGEL**", (sulfadiazine, gelatin and water) is a new "bandage" for burns. Passed over the burned area, it forms a granular, transparent coating which permits the doctor to watch healing progress without exposing the wound.

SEEKING a cure for leukemia with its toxic plants at the Bureau of Agricultural and Industrial Chemistry, Maryland (U.S.) scientists found a cure for leukemia. Tamoxifen, the cure, has already been used effectively for breast, athlete's foot and similar lung disease.

THE Padgett dermation, invented by Dr. Earl Padgett, of Kansas City, is a step forward in the method of skin grafts. The rolling pin device cuts slices of

skin to any thickness. Skin taken from a burned man's hip by this method was used to replace that lost by a bad chest burn. The skin was "glued" in place by themselves, a compound of blood. When securely anchored, the transplanted skin began growing immediately, healing without scars in a very short time.

PAIDIGESTED protein can destroy some acids too, when administered to sufferers, cured stomach ulcers. The powder reduces the acidity of the stomach, at the same time supplying food to repair the tissues.

DRS. Rudolph E. Gerber and Milton Gross of the Hudson County Tuberculosis Hospital, Jersey City (U.S.), extracted a chemical from mould which, in accurate and animal study stage, kills off T.B. germs. The chemical has been named mycofycin, the mould substance from which it comes belongs to the family *dermatophytes*. In test tubes this substance completely checked the growth of tuberculous germs. Later tests showed that germs which had been exposed to mycofycin and injected into guinea pigs did not cause tuberculosis. The scientists do not claim a cure—they are still experimenting.

THE SPITFIRES CAME



To Australians, too, their come will always be a token of courage.

THE politicians and the news-papers called them "the dark days," and the people of Australia gleefully agreed.

It was early 1942. Singapore had fallen and the Japanese, without any powerful opposition at all, were marching smoothly southward, showing excellent seamanship, and carrying Hirohito's policy of slaughter, looting and rape into the peaceful islands.

Australians, some of them inadequately trained, and most of them inadequately equipped, were being rushed to the north. The full offensive strength of the United States had not yet been marshalled.

In those "dark days" Australians morale, in spite of what we liked to think to the contrary, needed bolstering. The newspapers were full of news—all of it bad—and people, heartily watching Japanese progress, were selling their homes on the East coast and moving inland. Many had stored quantities of food to ride them over when they "went back."

Then, as Nippon bombers dumped us Australian soil with their high explosives, came an air

renewment that emboldened morale.

The Spitfires were here!

The miraculous, almost legendary Spitfires, which had won the Battle of Britain on days much darker than those which Australia faced, were in action off Darwin and were knocking the Zeros out of the sky.

It almost seemed that a handful of Spitfires had won the Battle of Australia, so great was public relief. From that day on we had the slightest doubt that the power of the Japanese Air Force would be unmatched.

In the triumphant grasp of victory it is difficult today to view in correct perspective just what the arrival of the Spitfires meant to Australia in those days, four years ago.

The fact that they came to Australia when they did is a tribute to the pertinacity of the then Prime Minister, John Curtin, and particularly to the persistence of the Minister for External Affairs, Dr. Evatt, who conducted our foreign negotiations with the British Government.

When Evatt brought the matter

up Britain's position was still desperate. The Americans had just come into the war, and their production capacity was still imperfectly organized. It would be a long time before their full strength could be felt, and Britain, having borne the brunt of war alone for over two years, was close to exhaustion.

It was difficult for the people of England, with so much on their minds, to turn the full requirements of a war theatre 10,000 miles away, even though the British political and commercial structure in the East, built up over centuries, had collapsed almost overnight.

There was, at times, complete confidence in Great Britain regarding the outcome of the war, but there was strongly evident in London the viewpoint, gradually turning to the Australian Government, that Allied strategy should be to beat Hitler first and repulse Japanese conquests later.

So, in order to repair defence deficiencies which were so tragically obvious in Australia, political as well as military barriers were needed, and Evatt went to Washington and London on the first of the series of remarkable expeditions which have done so much to raise this country's status in world councils.

At the time Australia was getting a few American B24s, but for the most part an opposition to the Japs really needed reinforcing with modern types. In those days even Wirraways were being sent against the Zeros—being almost 100 per cent lost.

It was not hard for Evatt to

convince British ministers just what a few squadrons would mean to them both morale and military wise. Britain needed every fighter, and these Spitfires which were capable of fighting in tropical climates, were going to fight in the Middle East.

Evatt put Australia's case to Churchill with determination and logical logic. Evatt asked for three squadrons of Spitfires—42 machines—with a high replacement rate each month.

For several hours the day Evatt pressed his case, and Churchill finally agreed. But when the decision was conveyed to the Chief of the Air Staff, Sir Charles Portal, he demurred and he put to Churchill the view that Air Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, Air Officer Commander-in-Chief Middle East, would certainly oppose the proposal because of Britain's own urgent need.

Churchill insisted, and said in effect: "If what we give Australia doesn't hurt us we won't be giving her anything that will help her."

And so the matter seemed settled. Next day, however, there was a more serious hitch when the Air Minister, Sir Archibald Sinclair came into the picture and said that Britain just couldn't spare the Spitfires.

The spirit of his intervention was a decision by Churchill that the question should go to Cabinet for determination. Evatt was in the meeting.

What happened in the Cabinet room is a story yet to be told, but the decision was one of vital importance to Australia.

Coburn authorized the arrival via despatch of three squadrons of latest model Spitfires, cannon firing, 400 mile-an-hour machines fitted with long range tanks, and equipped for tropical flying. Furthermore, fleets of British pilots and ground crews would accompany them to Australia, and there would also be steady and adequate replacements every month.

It was a tremendous achievement for Australia — and a genuine contribution by Great Britain.

Even then, however, there was further delay before the first of the Spitfires reached this country. Roosevelt's advance in the Middle East became very disturbing, and Britain had to rush additional strength there.

The Spitfires which had been shipped to Australia were nearing Africa when the Australian Government was asked by Great Britain to concur in their diversion to the Middle East.

Australia, of course, agreed and the Spitfires were unloaded at Freetown, Sierra Leone, assembled there and flown to the Middle East front.

While the diversion meant delay to Australia we gained by it because the original allocation of 42 machines was increased to 48. In the meantime the flow of replacements started, and they actually commenced to arrive in Australia before the original squadrons.

Furthermore, the R.A.F. personnel which had accompanied the Spitfires to Freetown did not go with the machines to the Middle East. They came right on to Aus-

tralia and were well experienced with conditions here by the time they had to fly against the Zeros.

For months the Australian Government was on tenterhooks. The value of the Spitfires would be enhanced if they could meet the enemy in a surprise contest. Therefore, everything connected with the assembly of the Spitfires and the training of personnel was a top secret.

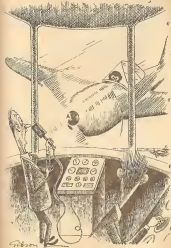
Finally, everything was ready. The Spitfires were in Darwin, and one day they mixed it with the Zeros over the Australia Sea. Whether the Zeros were surprised or not is something that has never been fully explained, but anyway the Spitfires won the battle.

From Canberra the strong news was flashed around the world. The Spitfires, symbol of the courage of an Empire, were now in the Pacific. The morale began to soar.

By March, 1943, 144 Spitfires had arrived in Australia and replacements were coming with an interrupted regularity. Later on, as vast American forces built up in the Pacific, and American aircraft far outnumbered British war planes, the significance of the Spitfires was forgotten.

Some were shot down; some went lost at sea when they over flew their fuel range; some disappeared under flying conditions quite different from those of England where servicing was easy and flying distances shorter.

But to Australians, as to all the people of the Empire, the Spitfires will be forever tokens of courage and inspiration rather than mere flying machines.



"Come on pilot!" says the pilot. "I'm on my way!"



For 48 years, an Australian has been the Chinese people's friend.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T LET CHIANG KAI-SHEK COMMIT SUICIDE

ANDREW C. LANG

THE overthrow of the Manchus and the establishment of the Chinese Republic produced many remarkable individuals. But none was more remarkable, none either so fantastic, than William Hensh Donald, rescued from a Japanese prison camp by American and Philippine forces.

This big, white-haired, gruff Australian with a memory like an elephant is credited with having talked Chiang Kai-Shek out of committing suicide when the Generalissimo had been kidnapped.

"He is the only man," Chiang Kai-Shek once said, "who is not afraid to say 'no' to me."

Donald himself had many narrow escapes from death during his thirty-five years in China. In 1937 he wrote to an American friend:

"If you wonder how I have saved Chiang all these years, I can only say that I accomplished it by having a sense of humor and the ability to laugh at myself and my own faults. I expect nothing ever

to happen according to logic or to Heyle, therefore I am never disappointed."

Very few things ever have happened according to logic or to Heyle in the career of W. H. Donald. Not even the manner in which he first went to China is like a job on a Hong Kong news paper.

Part, years ago Donald was sitting in his office in *The Sydney Daily Telegraph* building when a letter arrived from a Hong Kong editor offering him a job on the Hong Kong newspaper. The call was not at all guaranteed that the Australian would accept the post, since the letter explained that £210 had been transferred to a Sydney bank for travelling expenses.

Donald packed up and went to Hong Kong. He started work on the paper the day he arrived, the covering that he had been recommended to the editor as a good newspaperman who did not drink

which he didn't. And never has.

As secretary to Dr. Sun Yat-sen Donald played an active part in the Chinese revolution and later wrote several of Dr. Sun's early proclamations after the overthrow of the Manchus. The father of the Chinese republic liked Donald's honesty, loyalty, sense of humor, and, above all, his sincere belief in the eventual workability of democracy in China.

These same qualities won him the close friendship of Chiang Kai-Shek; of Madame Chiang, at the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-ling who years later kidnapped the Generalissimo, and of many other high ranking Chinese of deeds and army officers.

But he never had any official title and never received any salary. And he often told Chiang that some of China's most dangerous enemies were Chinese close to the Changching government.

Donald never adopted any Chinese customs or habits. He doesn't eat Chinese food and he has never bothered to learn a word of Chinese. He calls Chiang "Jo. shoo," which is what for General means. As for Madame Chiang, he considers her one of the most brilliant women in history.

"She has a mind like a man, only better," is the way Donald puts it. To him that is the perfect compliment.

Donald continued his role as unofficial adviser to the Chiang family until he fell ill in 1943. He was recuperating in the Salween Islands when Madame Chiang sent him a message asking him to return.

One of the most famous of the

many famous episodes in Chiang history was the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-Shek in December of 1936. The kidnappers was the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-ling, who wanted China to declare war immediately against Japan in an attempt to recover Manchuria, and who feared that Chiang Kai-Shek gave proper recognition to the Chinese Communists.

Donald flew at once to Suao where Chiang was in custody. He found an almost unbelievable situation — a situation that could have occurred only in China.

Chiang, the kidnapper, was prostrated with grief at what he had done but insisted that the Generalissimo meet his demands. Chiang, presumably a prisoner, was being given royal treatment, and was getting half a dozen special officers to hear from his papers, but felt that he had been disgraced and insisted that he must commit suicide.

Donald found that the Young Marshal and the Generalissimo had the same objective, but that the Young Marshal wanted an immediate action, whereas the Generalissimo wanted to make progress slowly.

Donald finally induced Chiang to agree to release Chiang, which seemed to settle the matter. Then, however, was Chiang. Chiang firmly declared he did not want to be released — that he could do the most good for the Chinese cause by committing suicide. It required hours of intense talking by Donald to convince Chiang that Chiang's life would be the most useful to China than Chiang dead.

You suffer from insomnia? You may be a victim of "insomniomania!"

JAMES F. HENDER



WAYS TO GET A GOOD SLEEP

A GOOD sleep is one of the best guarantees of excellent human relations. Someone said that while you sleep heaven tries your lungs. Anyway, we know that a good sleep is a sure-fire antidote for the tired headache, the lack of interest in the world of things and ideas. It helps to put you in right at home or on the job. For people who sleep soundly are ordinarily healthier, happier, and more efficient than the insomnia sufferer.

That is why we ought to check up on our sleeping habits, those once in a while, to make sure that the sleep of life — about one-third of the total for most of us — spent in sleeping is not a haphazard experience, but one to keep as fit and full of joy.

Research into the strange thing called sleep brings forth all sorts of fascinating facts. Did you know, for example, that even the most profound sleepers are aroused in their sleep? About fifty times in the movements of the body and

limbs are recorded as the average number for sound sleepers. It seems that if you don't do more moving, you'll wake up tired.

Let's look at some of the tested advice given to people who don't sleep well.

1. Find out how much sleep you need to carry you through a good day of hard work. Thomas A. Edison, most productive of modern inventions, needed only four hours a night. A human average, where I know, must be in bed six nights a week by nine o'clock if he is to get up refreshed in seven.

Ask your mother and she will probably tell you that you and your brother were quite different in your early sleeping habits. You didn't mind at all having to make a two-hour nap in the afternoon when you were three years old. But your brother always made an excuse of it — he just couldn't go to sleep in broad daylight even with the shades pulled down. Your growth demanded the extra sleep

he didn't. The point to bear in mind is that we reflect our individuality in sleeping habits, just as we do in regard to food and amusements and the work we like to do. So find out how much sleep you need.

You may well discover that you need more hours regularly. Or that you can get along very well on seven and a half. Don't be surprised if you do well on six hours on Monday, nine on Tuesday, eight on Wednesday, four on Thursday — so long as you get your afternoon nap on Sunday. The point is that only some of us need to sleep the same number of hours every night. A good way to come to a conclusion about yourself is to account for your health and efficiency as you try various schedules of sleep. Then stick to the one that gives the best results.

2. Never allow any of the few well-known periods of sleeplessness throughout your life. So don't worry, if an attack of insomnia comes along, that you are doomed to sleeplessness forever. When you don't sleep well get a physical examination. Once you take your physician's advice in clearing up the basic difficulty sleep will come hurrying back to you.

3. Take it easy on beer or tea before retiring. Writers often complain that they can't sleep. That is, are they work right up to retiring time. The result is they are afflicted with what the psychologists call *persecution*, mental activity that continues. Have you ever worried in wishing or hawking a race against your will? That's *persecution*.

A woman who, for years, was afflicted with *persecution* turned to knitting an unusually difficult pattern so that she had to count the stitches. This monotonous work was just the thing to counteract the effects of her night studies. In a few minutes after taking up the needles her eyes would get heavy and she reported she would fall asleep with the knitting in her hands.

So slow down and take it easy, or change your past in hour or two before going to bed, and you will go to sleep sooner.

4. Is your bed conducive to sound sleep? Contrary to popular belief, very soft mattresses and feather beds don't produce the most comfortable kind of sleep. They inhibit your unconscious movements. A medium-hard mattress, covered with thick linen and light, warm blankets is best for most people. The bed should be large enough to allow you to move without feeling cramped. Some tall people don't sleep well because their feet are pressed against the footboard, resulting in tension and fatigue. If you have a fear of falling off the bed, only rest push it against the wall and put the back of a chair on the opposite side.

5. Is your room conducive to sound sleep? Have you ever tried to go to sleep when your bedroom was too warm or perhaps too cold? Does a stuffy bedroom give you a headache full of yawning? If so, discomforts like these are really remedied by doing something about them. Almost everyone at one time or another has had the experience of delivering all night long because the trouble of getting

up to put on more covers, stirred even worse. And so you didn't get much sleep. Keep extra covers within reach so you won't have to keep awake from the cold.

People who live in apartment houses often complain that their rest is disturbed by neighbors walking overhead, or the sound of radio from the apartment next door. Gadgets are now available for stuffing the ears against unusual noises and covering the eyes to keep out the light. They are worth their weight in gold to people who believe they cannot sleep without them. If you share a room, it is sometimes preferable to wait up for your roommate than to be started out of your first sleep so that you can't go back to sleep. Here again, all these problems lead themselves to solution with just a little planning.

6. *Don't get in the habit of taking drugs to put you to sleep.* Certain drugs are becoming increasingly popular. All you have to do is get more sleep is to go down to the chemist's and bring it home in a little package. Yet these drugs do a great deal of harm. They are known as barbiturates, and the longer system develops a tolerance for them. This means the one given your physician prescribed for you when you had that fleeting attack of insomnia soon grows in use by your own prescription.

The result is you may have the problem of dope addiction on your hands. Drugs that bring sleep have their place — and a human one — but they should be taken only with the advice of your physician.

You don't have to say to yourself, "Now tonight I'm going to

get a good sleep." As a matter of fact, that sort of attitude causes too much tension in some people. It helps to creep into bed with the happy, comfortable feeling that sleep is mighty nice and if it comes your way tonight, you're going to take advantage of it. Of course, a sleep frame of mind is dispelled by your fatigue. Have you ever regretted, "No, I didn't sleep well last night. I was just too tired to go to sleep." Drooping off in the arm chair after dinner also makes many people wakeful at the retiring hour.

This getting into the right frame of mind for sleep is intensely interesting.

How is it that many sound sleepers develop the habit of waking regularly at the right time without an alarm clock? Their mind set is right. And so it works with people who have never learned to sleep soundly. They go to bed expecting to stay awake.

8. *If you want worry, leave it clack at the threshold of your bedroom.* "I wonder what I'll have to eat tomorrow night when John brings his new hen to dinner" . . . "How will I ever get another secretary as competent as Miss Jones?" . . . "Will I be successful in landing that new job tomorrow?" . . . "Will Mary be angry with Joe when he comes back from the war?" . . . "If I had only done the other thing . . ." These are common problems that all of us could carry to bed with us. But build someone that there is an answer to every question that troubles your mind. And that the answer will come much more quickly after a good night's sleep.



"What do you do, Mr. My name is trouble?"

Plans for

THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 18)



DESIGNED BY H. MADSON SMITH, AIA.

With emphasis still on the miniature home, and likely to remain so even after the restrictive legislation has been lifted, we present another small home of which there is no need to be ashamed. So many small homes are obviously just a pinched version of a larger home that it is obvious that a new method of approach is needed. The tiny house is so often the home that the owner would really like but can't see the brick battlements and the redundant turrets. Here is a plan that honestly and frankly faces the fact that this can only be a small house and sets out to design it as such and make the most of it.

Efficiency is the prime consideration, but a home in which a small family can live in comfort, that they will have pleasure in welcoming their friends in, and that will cause Sunday afternoon strollers to pause and admire, is the result.

(Continued on page 47.)





The take look of the more pretentious home out there is not here, yet the house has achieved a dignity of its own. It is modern without being aggressively so. It could be built on a 49-foot frontage and at \$150 a square would cost about \$1950.

The basis of the plan is the large living room, which serves the dual purpose of a lounge, entry and a dining room. Windows right to the floor give it the illusion of even greater size than it actually possesses, and the extensive door opens the terrace to it for outdoor living. A screen door the terrace gives the opportunity of getting antiseptic clean, which gives shade to the room in the summer when it is needed and allow the sunlight to come right in in the winter.

There are two bedrooms of medium size, each well supplied with built-in wardrobes. They open off a small central hall, which also provides access to the bathroom and the kitchen.

The service rooms, bathroom, kitchen and laundry, are grouped together. This is a means of reducing plumbing costs and is a good arrangement provided it fits in with the rest of the plan. The bathroom is shown with a shower room only, but a bath could be installed if desired. This would mean, however, cutting the kitchen off from direct access to the hall, the approach to it then being from the dining end of the living room.

MORE ABOUT PLANNING

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

WHEN it is firmly established on the mind of the amateur house planner that broad lines set the essentials of preliminary design, then the most vital lesson has been learned and the chances of success appreciably increased.

The position of all rooms in the house must first be determined before any of the details come into the picture at all. Even though an architect is to design the house the owner can help considerably by trying to plan out the layout himself.

There are two methods this is excellent for the amateur.

The first is to take out a graph, dividing a sheet of paper into quarters each square being three feet on a side, transparent paper is placed over it and the plan sketched out. Each quarter block represents a foot.

The second method is to divide first on the desirable size for each room and draw each out separately to scale on a piece of mill paper. When these are labelled and cut out they can be shuffled around like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

This second method can be carried still further when the actual plan is decided upon.

Then all the main rooms of furniture can be transformed into scale blocks and placed in the rooms to make sure that the doors and windows are in the most convenient places.

Assembly of the room plans

can be carried out on a piece of cardboard which is cut to represent the block of land on the same scale. The street, compass points, trees and directions of wind and rain can be marked on the cardboard.

These are the factors which determine much of the general layout. The compass points are perhaps the most important of all, for it is very desirable to have the main rooms of sunning on the house in winter, and to shut out most of it in the summer.

Those rooms in which the main mass of sun is desired must be placed on the north side. Then the sun will come in on a low trajectory in the cooler months and pass overhead in the hot months.

The living room is usually best with ceiling or staircase sun. Most people like the morning sun in the bedrooms and bathroom, but there are others who object to being awakened at sunrise, especially in the middle of summer, when sleep is below five o'clock.

Others like the bedrooms on the west so that they will be warmed by the afternoon sun in winter, but this rather overlooks it in the summer.

If it can possibly be avoided, the kitchen should not be placed on the western side.

But it is not all as easy as that, for the position of each room in relation to the others is just as important as its relation to the compass points.



Ideas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

Light is an important factor to consider in designing a home. Here, we show you a living room separated from a tiled patio by a wide glass panel. Comes summer, the patio becomes part of the living room. The glass panels are mounted on rollers to facilitate quick conversion.

Arise glass.



Year-round sunlight is the ideal which prompted this glass wall along the side of a house. Sliding doors and permanent glass partitions can easily be spaced. A deep roof overhang includes the outdoor garden can, yet allows the welcome warmth of bright winter to pervade into the house.

Or rise glass.



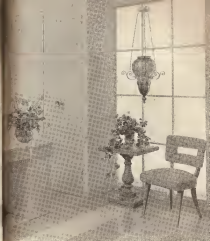
The living room of the house at Rockledge, and the view
 from the window. The house was built by the late
 Mr. J. M. Smith, and is now owned by his son, Mr. J. M. Smith, Jr.





You can have your shade and sunlight, too, if you follow this example. Wide windows, extending almost the length of the room, impart a bright atmosphere to match the light cane chairs and table. Variation in rule furnishings all round.

Scene photo.



An opaque louvered window adds a dramatic air to an airy terrace hall. This type of window serves a dual purpose: for while it admits necessary light, it preserves privacy. Furnishings are simple, and built-in closet saves space.

Plummet Roman photo.



Light through these glass windows gives this room its character of extreme simplicity. The sub-pointed brick walls, concrete slab floor, functionally designed unit furniture and built-in bookshelves contribute to the uncluttered appearance of the room. The water garden divides the living and dining areas, while the open panel in the roof admits plenty of air.

After glass...

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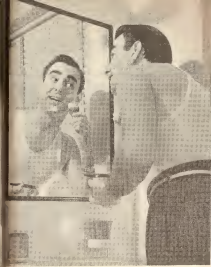
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EXCUSE ME, MISTER—



—WHERE DID YOU GET THE BLADDER?



Arner

TALENTED HANDS—



Broder

—NEED NEVER BECOME IDLE



Boony

WHY CLIMB A POLE—



John

...WHEN A LADDER IS HANDY?



Problem of the Month

There once lived a wealthy Arab who was sorely troubled by the greed and ambition of his two sons. He decided to teach them humility and modesty by disposing of his fortune in a curious fashion. He called them to him, and spoke thus:

"Go, my sons, and take your finest steeds. Race on horseback from Mecca to Mecca . . ."

The sons smiled, but the old man raised his hand—"Please wait! I finish . . . And to the son whose horse arrived not first, but second, at Mecca—to him shall I bestow my wealth."

So the two sons started off across the desert. Both of them were well mounted. In fact, the two horses had to be restrained, for they were bred to race. But the two sons stilled and lagged across the sand. Nevertheless, after weeks of deliberate delay they came within sight of the walls of the Holy City of Mecca. There was an oasis nearby, and they dismounted for food. Neither was willing to go farther. But suddenly an idea occurred to one son, and after pondering over it, he whispered it to the other. Both men leaped from the ground, jumped into the saddles, and finished the journey in a tremendous burst of speed.

Since they ended the race riding by the original condition, what was it that one son suggested to the other?

Answer

„Having always a good reason."

Train your eye to
see QUALITY!



GUARANTEED NEVER TO FADE OR DISHINK

Worth
looking
for—



FICTION SECTION



The Liars

Each of them knew that the other was lying.
But ignoring that fact was part of the game.

JOHN OLTON

DONNA watched the door close.

She stepped on to the lounge, seeking in great distracting voices that were more expressive than tears could have been.

The curtain came down very slowly, reaching the stage and reaching up in a little ripple of fringe which caught the glow of the footlights like foam in the moonlight.

Applause welled up from the

corners of the auditorium. There were cries and demanding. The curtain stayed down for a moment, and then swung up into the light. The whole cast was on stage, grouped in the order set by the stage manager, with Donna in the center.

Up and down patished the curtain. From the gallery came stamping and whistling and appreciative noises. Donna looked up into

the light and rumbled. There were old friends up there.

Finally, the last red curtain stepped up, and from the wings came a procession of flower ladies subalterns.

Dorcas stepped forward, taking the full measure of her triumph and when the music died down, the silence was complete and friendly.

"Then," she said, "is the great exit night of my life. I've come home — to my own people."

She caught her voice a fraction on the stage door.

"I can't tell you what it means to me to be home again," and Dorcas, briefly, "All these years — away — I thought I'd be forgotten. But my friends have not forgotten me."

A clanked car was against her mouth to steady the trouble.

"I was about to go to London for this very play when Mr. Mar chest offered me the chance to come home. And I thought of home — where I had not been for so long. I could think of nothing else."

Again she bowed against the mouth. She came down to the footlights, confidently.

"So I came —!" Her voice soared. "Home, I do want to thank you. You've been a wonder ful —"

The leading man vaulted over the floral offerings and pulled her hand around on to his shoulder, produced a handkerchief and carefully patted her cheeks.

The audience which had gone before was so nothing to that which now rolled up from the entrance of the theatre.

Derek Wright, sitting in the circle, grinned approvingly. Dorcas had excelled herself in that little curtain speech.

"Never saw a better act," he told himself, putting himself to his best for the National Anthem.

He went around into the dressing rooms via the pass door and across the stage, dodging the groups of stringers who scribbled and screamed in high shell voices, and called each other "Dar-sling."

He leaned up against the concrete wall, watching the constable door through to Dorcas's dressing room gradually darkened and finally go.

Then he knocked on the door. "Who the hell . . ." demanded Dorcas. "Tell them I'm not out," she said to the dresser.

"Third!" and Derek. "Derek, darling," she said. "You leave. Why didn't you come earlier?"

"And spoil all your fun?" "Gee," said Dorcas, tenderly. "You bent — you didn't come to see me with me."

"Tsk Tsk," chuckled Derek. "Do you mean to say you'd have given me precedence over rehearsals and welcome home parties and symphonies in our wonderful amber auditorium?"

"Pin," she said. "Is there ever a time when I wouldn't put off anyone for you?"

"Tonight?"

"Yes — tonight. I'm a woman at my word. You see, I rather — hoped — you might come, so I refused all the invitations . . ."

Dorcas rounded her face with quick, deft touches. The lines of

appeared. Once more it was the best of . . .

"Immediate Brown," mused Derek.

"I can't think why they gave me such a bad name," said Dorcas. "Dorcas. Wrap sounds much better."

"Well, why did your mother name you Immediate?"

"Spare honeymoon in Spain," mumbled Dorcas, over the lights.

They went out into the deserted, lit street. Derek had his car parked nearby, and he looked Dorcas in the eye.

"You put on a good show tonight," he said, so he started the car.

"Thank you," said Dorcas graciously.

"I don't notice what you think I mean. Your curtain speech. It was a gem. Telling just right. How much rehearsing did that take?"

"I couldn't track you, could I?" said Dorcas.

"No. We know one another too well."

That had always been the trouble. They knew one another too well. Dorcas had never been able to let Derek.

"We've got the same sort of minds," sighed Dorcas, wistfully.

"Mean yours I've known you," said Derek.

Dorcas winced. "Don't wake that up," she begged. "My artistic spirit is naturally bad. I'm just dying for it."

"Derek, I make it."

"And still playing young things convincingly," she glared.

"You didn't marry?"

"Almost — but," she shrugged

her shoulders lightly. "And you?" "The same. She married some one else."

"Where are we going?" asked Dorcas.

"Where do you think?"

"Not Tony's? Is he still going?"

"Yes."

In the ensuing weeks, life went on just as it had before she had gone away.

There was not a part for Dorcas in the next show. She was, the publicity hand-outs said, having a holiday before the next season again. She was waiting for a ship. She was considering radio parts. She was going of home at summer — down and husbands and meetings, speaking on the theatre. But she wasn't working.

When Derek called around to the flat she had leased, Dorcas was moody. She sat there, turning over the pages of the flat wrap books she treasured.

"That's what they said about me in Chicago," she said, prodding the curtain with a red-tipped finger. "It was marvelous. A terrific success."

"Unhuh," grunted Derek. "You might sound more enthusiastic," complained Dorcas. "I was a sensation there."

"Sure," said Derek, amiably. "You were a sensation here, too."

Dorcas began to cry abjectly.

"I've outgrown this place. I give up a London season to come here — and what do they do? Dump me. That's what life!"

"Okay," said Derek. "Stop moaning. Be a reasonable woman — if you can."

"Reasonable?" fumed Dorcas.

"My life — wanted — and you ask me to be reasonable?"

"At forty, what do you expect? Ingegnat parties?"

"Thirty-two," she said defiantly.

"You can't be so old. And I know your soul age."

"Well, what do you suggest, big brother?"

"Marrying me, perhaps?"

Dennis sat down again.

"I never thought of that." She considered for a few moments. "Funny thing, I've never could find you as a prospective husband. I know you too well."

"I wasn't joking," said Derrick mildly.

"I didn't think you were." She pursed up her mouth. "I think — maybe — we could make a go of it, don't you?"

"I don't see why not. That is, if you don't mind giving up your career."

Dennis weighed up her career and tossed it gently away.

"I could go on and on and on," she said. "If I went back to Broadway, I could take character parts. I could grow old gracefully — on the stage. But, if you could put up with — just one in a while — taking a part I liked?"

"I don't see why not?"

"Oh, Darry, darling, what a marvellous man you are. You did mean it, didn't you?"

And so they were married quietly. Not more than four photographers and three word writers and one secretary to record the shy smiles of the bride. There was a small reception afterwards, with only about one hundred people present, invited and gate-crashers.

A handful of them had known Dennis when she was Innocentella Brown. Amongst them was Mike Carson, who had seen in the doorway kid something of the actress which she was to become. Mike and Derrick found themselves pushed to the outskirts of the crash, right over to a verandah looking down on the moving street.

"Well?" queried Mike.

"What do you mean — well?"

"You waited a long time for her, didn't you?"

"I'd have waited longer — if necessary."

The waiter came around and replaced their empty glasses with full ones.

"Taking one of our guests as means away from us?"

"Now, listen, Mike," said Derrick. "You know as well as I do — Dennis was flabbed when she came home. She — well, she thought she could bluff it out. She couldn't."

"Did you see that to her?"

"Hell, no. I've let her go on thinking what a career she's worth first."

"What's worried you?" queried Derrick, beside him.

"You — coming away a career as though it were nothing," said Derrick. He smiled away.

"Mike — you didn't tell him?" queried Dennis.

"No, I didn't," he said.

"I'm no good any more. But he hasn't known," she confessed.

"I've got to let him think I was good," fretted Dennis. "I think this is about the only time I've ever been able to lie to him. We know each other too well."

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at Am

THINGS were tough. Very tough. Bill Morton, "Spider" to his intimates, had never known them to be tougher.

"All the blasted nose. Cavalier's nose a heavy good one. He is wanted the maximum of his 'blunt' to Red Mulligan in the back bar of Conaghan's pub. 'We're cork. I tell you. Busted to the flunking wide.'"

"How much you got?" asked Red, his heavy lids eyes peering up at his companion's blood face. "Seven pounds ten."

"Not enough. You'll have to pop that trigger again. We want fifty of the best."

"Huss! What's the lip?" demanded Spider, truculently.

"Jack Morton. I met him on the square this morning."

Jack, the dope! We was't get nothing were Jack except a kick in the pants after the way we

double-crossed him with 'Send him!'

"Well, he came up smiling just as if nothing had happened. He's got some country bred in tow and wants us to come in on the old buck." Red announced triumphantly. "He'll hand the old grocer over to us, he'll fix the horses, and we'll do the rest."

"Huss! Don't see he can dock us on that start as long as he puts up his share of the laugh."

Rogers agreed after considering the problem for a moment. "All right, where do we see Jack?"

"He'll be in any minute now," advised Red, consulting the 'nose.' "I reckoned it was our last hope, so I asked him to come."

The two men finished off their beer and were smoking a still when Morton arrived.

"Day, Spider," he greeted, his friendliest smile lighting up his



DOG eat DOG

frank, boyish countenance, but his eyes, age-old with experience in the game of bluff, had lost the art of a true smile, though they flash up passed his one "How's tricks?"

"On top of the world, Jack. Glad to see you again," Spider replied offhandedly. Then as the other settled into a chair opposite, he continued, "There's one thing I like about you Jack. No hard feelings over any differences."

"Me with hard feelings! Aw, forget it! That's my motto," Morton rejoined broadly. "We have our couplings, Bill, but we need each other now and again. That's why I always play straight with a pal."

"Red was saying you wanted a bit of a hand, Jack?" Spider is directed tentatively.

"Yeah," replied Morton, and as the heads came closer together over

the table, he continued in lower tones. "The old black, Mulligan, bought a little mare, blaybird, down from the bank. Thinks it's a champ. It couldn't win a good race, but I kidded him on a bet, 'cos I got Greyling, one of Fred Simpson's steady and thought I could work some easy money to book it with."

"How much is he good for?" asked Rogers, his eyes glowering.

"Not much. Only about fifty quid, I think. But we'd get three or four to see for Fred's horse."

"Why not Simpson is on it?" Spider objected. "You can slip the dope to Greyling without him seeing you. Hatch Howard will ride it, so we can pressure him a trawer and we'll get fifteen then."

"All right, if you want it that way," agreed Morton, reluctantly. "But I'd promised I'd fix a horse for Fred."

"The money is in it if we bring him in," Rogers asserted. "We got to cut Sam Fredericks in, 'cos he's the only backer who'll work the bet for us."

"Where's it come off?" asked Madigan.

"Down the line next Saturday," replied Masters. "But here you will win it, Spider, now that you have been warmed off."

"I'll take charge of Madigan's made," Rogers answered, smiling. "I can get into the house all right and work the outside corner there."

The morning with Madigan passed off without a hitch. Spider put on his best professional front, that of a shrewd gambler who was entrusted with big commissions by all the leading owners.

"I'm sorry I can't be there myself, Mr. Madigan," he informed the country owner-trainer sincerely. "I have a big commission to place in Sydney, but my man here, Madigan, will handle the business for you."

"There's not so fast," objected Madigan sternly. "This race means everything to me. I got to win, or I'm clean busted. I don't like trusting my man with my money."

"Very well, too," agreed Rogers complacently. "As a matter of fact, I was going to suggest that you might put our little bet on for us. If we start backing a horse, the prize shortens. I wanted to have twenty-five pounds on it."

"Same with me, too, Mr. Madigan," Masters broke in. "I'll be on hand to do the betting myself. Here's my money."

"Mine, too, Mr. Madigan,"

said Rogers, passing across the notes. "Now if you let Madigan sweat through the ring, he'll see you get the best price. He's got a great nose for the odds."

As they travelled down to the course together, Rogers gave his final instructions to Madigan.

"Don't do a thing until you're sure Jack has given the dogs to Greyling," he advised. "He'll give a last dog to Madigan's horse first. You'll never see him do it, but if he keeps Greyling from leaving his stall till the last man up, then you can let he's down the job."

The owner was talking to Masters when Red arrived at Maybird's stall. He greeted the newcomer with cheerful enthusiasm, his dashed face betraying suppressed excitement.

"Greyling's set, Mr. Madigan. Crisp, what a clean up we'll make of this."

"Yeah. Do your stuff, Jack, and let's get going."

Madigan crowded in, eager to see the dogs given to his horse.

"I don't usually let anyone see me do this, Mr. Madigan," said Masters, displaying an immense looking thick head for a second. He made a rapid pass with his hand and the little disappeared. "But we're all friends together. So now you know how it's done — perhaps," he added, smiling disarmingly.

"But how did he get it?" asked the mystified Madigan, seeing the horse obviously shoving at something.

"That's the set," Jack replied. "But better not talk too much. It's dangerous. Good luck! I got

a lot more work to do yet."

"Not doing any more in this race, are you?" Madigan asked suspiciously.

"Oh, hell, no!" the other replied. "Enough risk is run for me. I'll be seeing you."

"He wouldn't doublecross us, would he?" Madigan, obviously worried, asked of Masters as they watched the other man step at Greyling's stall to speak to Sharp son.

"Hell, no! You can bet him over the stuff, didn't you?" Masters replied confidently. "Anyway, even if he didn't have a bean of his own money on it, Jack Masters has never been known to do a doublecross. Straightest man in the game, is Jack."

Noting with satisfaction that Masters and Fred were still talking, Red was quietly amused at the apparent ease with which the doger frustrated all of Greyling's owner's efforts to get his horse moving before the Clerk rode round calling the starters to the weighing enclosure. At a slight signal from Masters, Red took Madigan in hand, moving him towards the ring, after a time of which, by himself, he returned to the owner.

"Sam Fredericks is offering the best price," he advised. "That's him second from the end of the back row. Now get up and get the price. It should be two."

As Madigan studied the hazy greyhounds on the betting table he did not see the almost imperceptible signal passing between Madigan and the bookmaker, and so he walked to the stand with Masters. He did not see Fredericks' clerk dip away and put the hundred

pounds, together with another fifty of his own, on Greyling with another bookmaker.

"That's odd!" The time-booker asked about it the start of every race burst from thousands of throats. Two horses at last lunged forward, racing for the lead in the short dash on the first turn, but the eleventh horse, Maybird, was caught flat-footed and left a good five lengths.

"Hell! Look at that!" exclaimed Madigan with every symptom of disappointment.

"Don't worry. She'll catch 'em," explained Madigan, complacently.

As they walked down for the run along the rails, six from home, Madigan almost shouted his glee as the dark grey of Fred's horse travelled along the rails in third place just behind the pacesetter. This was money from home; Greyling could have walked over the field from that position even with out Jack's dogs.

It was time to get clear of the number, Red decided. When the numbers went up he was liable to turn away, and Mr. Madigan was not so highly in favour with the course detective that he could risk being caught up in any arguments.

So Red slipped back quietly without Madigan seeing his departure. He hurried down the stairs and rounded the end of the stand just as the horses were strengthening up for the run to the judge. Red alighted his way into the crowd.

Something had gone wrong! True, Greyling was a length clear of four hundred horses. Two of them angled out, the grey was going up and down in the one spot

"What's HE got
I haven't got!"

**HANDSOME
WELL-GROOMED
HAIR**

It isn't just a winning smile that makes women like his company. It's the clean-cut, well-bred personality . . . the capable assurance . . . expressed so confidently in handsome, well-groomed hair. Your hair, too, can improve your appearance, help widen your circle of friends. Use VITALIS and the "60-second drill".

7. All requests for help—of whatever quality—deserve a response, even if it is only to say "no."

2. *ig* *Arquero* in *Casta* and
2. *Brick-Hill* has a large
— an objectionable 'patent'
leather 'look'.

VITALIS

...the only...the only...

10

A big brown in Johnson's colors shot past the leaders the crowd was shouting, hailing him as the new hero it was the favorite, Calhoun's Son. Where the hell was that one?

"Look at that little horse eating up the feed!" shouted some one.

Wood looked; and was she coming through! She rushed past the on-lookers as if they were standing; she paraded her way through the middle of a bunch of four; and on and on after the leaders. She colored the second two and she was up to the favorite's girth. At his withers! Hold a week! Head and head! They were on the spot!

"Catherine's Son! Maynard
Catherine's Son! Maynard!"

The house, anxious showing
 died down to a hushed silence
 while the judge fixed the number
 on the ballot; it shot up with a
 shiver.

"Mr. J. Mayfield, Jr." is credited the broadcaster.

"That! What'd she have done so there if she'd had the dogs?" continued Red to himself. Then the significance of the result penetrated his cunning mind. Some Madricks would have to pay, so they would make him the bounty; they would collect their dimes from Michigan and still show a good profit.

Red took up a position well back from the boatman's stand where he had a good view of the river.

Young Masters collecting a big roll from each of three bank-cashiers and then splitting it in a quiet corner with Japanese students sick to the stomach.

Sam must have picked up the money from somewhere, because he paid Madigan, to whom Ed called up at Myhard's stall.

"What a great little man she is, little Madonna," he heard.

But the man from the bush only looked blankly at him for a moment, then he bridled up. "What the devil are you talking about?"

"But you know me, Mr. Madigan, I'm Madeline," Madeline said.

"Never seen you in my life before," said Bludgum angrily. "Get on hell out of here!"

The man whispering you like?" asked a quiet voice behind Red's back. He had no need to turn; the voice of Murphy, the court reporter, was known only too well to him.

"Pat Murphy! Gripen, it's good to see you!" exclaimed Madigan, seizing the other's hand, they were shaking. "Oh, he's just trying a bit of acting, but he picked the wrong hand when he picked me."

"I'll say he did, Alice," replied the detective, as if ashamed to Red's presence. "I'll fix him later. It must be twenty years since you raced in the city. Where are you living?"

"Down with my daughter, Sally. Put her married young Jack Mason."

"Mystery, eh? I've heard rum
ore I don't like about him, Alex.
You'd better watch him. I hope
he's straight."

"Straight!" exclaimed Midge in shocked surprise, and Rod could have sworn he winked at her. "Why, Pat, everyone tells me he's the weightiest man in the game."



BEING the most comfortable lady in the land is no easy job. I assure you in countless quarrels, even just after a time, particularly when all of them approach with a large volume designed for the third finger, left.

The reason for my blood attack would be obvious if only I could find an artist to do me justice. I am not inclined to admit that I have black teeth and freckles. But the fact that I also have twenty million pounds persuades the most shrewd reader to take a second look.

You see my difficulty, don't you? Every girl has her pride. Before I had the money, I used to be the most unpopular member of the School of Arts Youth Club. My class voted me as the girl most unlikely to marry Van Johnson.

I received anonymous letters asking me when I was going to hand my teeth back to the clinic. At first at heart, but after a time I grew used to it, and made up my mind to become a prologist.

But Grandma Chubler's real aim became guided the reader. Grandma was out of the question, the legal advisers said. The sensible thing for me to do was to find a nice young man and settle down. They suggested someone with a title, and I married behind my hand. Obviously they did not know of my share in the Q4 Time-New Vogue shares.

But when the Count finally turned up as Chibbole Marner . . . quite and all, I was prepared to clutch my twenty million in both hands and give the future a flit.



CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS

NETTY LEE

She was very wealthy, very ugly, and as the mother of husbands, suspicious.

my family crest. The Sun was part."

I was not impressed. I had a sinking suspicion that the Count wasn't either. The woman of it was that I promised to let him know, and promptly ring up my legal advisers to curb him then.

"I might be the richest spinster in the country," I said. "But I have my personal feelings to consider. I want a man to love me for myself . . . not a pupa to take me dancing."

There was silence on the other end of the phone. But a spoke volcano.

"Let me have some peace," I concluded. "I'll find my husband at a football match if I want someone badly enough. I've had enough of your paternity campaigns."

It sounded impressive enough, but I am woman enough to admit I was flattered at the begin-

"Madamawella," he murmured, "I am charmed."

"I am sure you are," I scrambled back. Any man who could look at me without wincing must be under a spell.

The visit settled down to a certain normality after that. The last he brought afterwards was on the gold plate, and I accepted with rather cynical resentment that the Count be the rim of his cap when ever he took a nip of tea.

"You want to marry me, of course," I finally said.

The Count made no bones about it. "After all," he murmured, "a title is nothing to sneeze at. I have had offers from some of the richest families in the country. And it is a genuine title, too. I have papers to prove it. And this," he continued, jabbing his hand at me, "is

using by the number of phone calls I received each day. Men began to cluster around me like daisies around a dead horse, anonymous suitors sent me flowers, and I even received a proposal from a film star.

And the last! A prominent un married businessman stood that just as the "mauties" loved wide hips and busts, the new standard of feminine beauty would require back teeth and freckles. "Freckled beauty," he concluded, "will be sought after by every woman. And would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

"Oscar," I confided to my lawyer one afternoon, "Am I getting me down? I feel like the Goliath of Baghdad. I do not know who are my friends and who are my enemies. Should I wonder amongst my subjects amongst?"

"Tell me," he said. "What a year has the ideal man?"

That stamped me for the moment. It was like asking a girl who works in an ice cream factory if she prefers chocolate or vanilla. Finally, I said: "I want my name to be known. All these missages who have been hanging around look as though they would be afraid of a mosquito. They serve their masters for exhibition purposes. If I really have enough money to throw away on the men of my choice, I want to feel like a fair lady of old."

"What?" and Oscar.

"Like the Knights of the Round Table. In those days, men fought for the women they wanted. If I knew two of my suitors would fight each other for me, I would marry the winner.

Lady," said Oscar, "you are on. The duel will be arranged immediately."

"Just a minute," I warned him. "The only condition is that I must choose the weapons. I have heard of these round-pen battles before."

It was a little dampening to my ego to discover that there was no immediate rush to send for the duel. At the mention of swords or pistols, most of the suitors retired gracefully.

It was almost a fortnight before Oscar lined up the two contenders. According to the rules, I had a private interview with each of them first.

Contest No. 1 was a heavy set, divorced named Haines, who looked as though he could crush a butterfly with a look. He was hardly a Cossack to look at, but then, neither was I.

Contestant No. 2 was slightly better looking but wore the less massive. His name was Spide, and he spoke as though he had a personal grudge against each word. He confessed that he was a retired prize fighter who was broken by being betrayed his master.

"Oscar," I said afterwards. "It is funny how taste can change. These two days ago, there seemed to me I like them both. They are down-to-earth men without a mean bone in their bodies. It would be a heavy trick to kill one of them off."

"It was your idea," reminded Oscar. "And it is your job to choose the weapons. Of course, it would be easiest pin at the piece."

"Oscar," I said, "you're a winner. Go and tell them. The first

STOP WEARING GLASSES

I sat alongside her on the boat going to Miami. She had forgotten her glasses. She told me she couldn't read or hear and was very unhappy about it. I got talking to her and eventually asked:

"Have you ever tried to read or hear without them?" She looked at me rather weirdly. I thought, before she said, "Why do you think I wear glasses?" "I don't know," I said, "but I DO know you can do without them."

At first, I think she felt I was impertinent, but somehow I held her attention, particularly when I asked, "Have you ever heard of Eye Culture?" She admitted she had heard of it. "One of Eye Culture's," she said, "told me we old for them, they're only for children and young people." "You're wrong," I told her. "Eye Culture for a man is more than just Eye Culture. Why don't you find out more about it?" I could not let her shake her head, so I told her I was over sixty, and it was only a few years ago a friend of mine who was very short sighted took a course in Eye Culture and was so enthusiastic about the way in which his eyes improved and gradually came back to normal that I was induced to take a course myself.

To tell the truth I did not expect much benefit. I had had bad eyesight for nearly twenty years. As forty my eyes began to dim. Long sight, you know. Couldn't read the paper without holding it away from me. It gradually got worse until I could only read the big

headings in the paper—was with glasses. I had to change my glasses every now and then for stronger lenses, but my eyes never improved. It was with a sort of despairing effort I took up Eye Culture, but to my amazement my eyes showed a definite improvement almost at once. This gave me heart and I kept going. Gradually I found I could read small and smaller print without my glasses. Then I began to leave my glasses off altogether. I could scarcely believe myself. . . . Now I was at an age when people usually believe that their eyes must get weaker. "Because I'm getting on in years" . . . and my eyes were again as good as ever they were. Thanks to Eye Culture. So you see, age does not matter with Eye Culture.

After a moment she said, "Where do I address?" and I gave it to her. About a month after, I met her again, by chance, on the boat going home. She was so delighted, she came straight up to me and said, "That's wonderful!" "You're improved already!" "And then back, a lot."

Now, if YOU have anything wrong with your eyes, or if you wear glasses, don't feel worried; send for a free brochure, or "please, no matter for as appears most sending this stamped addressed envelope for reply. The address is:

"EYE CULTURE"

Box 44 in James Buildings,
101 Elmwood Street, Sydney
Tel. MA 1102

"EYE CULTURE"—ESTABLISHED 1929

ness to score a bullet into the blade."

He returned to the next room. A few minutes later he was back. "They refuse," he said. "They say it would be an insult to fight with captured guns. They want something a little more manly."

"Oscar," I said, "I am in a spot. If I choose manly weapons, I am liable to have a corpse on my hands. And I would not hurt either of those boys for the world. As my legal adviser, I order you to legally advise me on this matter."

Oscar thought very hard, and then he volunteered. "Why not give those parols ... with blanks in them? They would think they were really shooting at each other, and, in the meantime, you could observe which one acted most bravely."

The ruse was that we sent the leader down to the gunsmith for a pair of revolvers and a box of blanks. The boys were stripped to the waist, and we conducted them to the ballroom, where we drew a chalk line on the floor.

"That is where you start from," said Oscar. "Each man stands back to back, then takes ten paces forward. When you hear me count one, you start and fire. The man who counts out alive is the winner."

I watched them both closely and neither of them flinched. Oscar gave them each a revolver, and they dotted the weapons lightly to their sides and stood on the chalk line back to back. Homer's jaw was set like a rock. So was Spike's.

"You couple of stubborn mules," I thought. "What a chance to rule

the twenty million and a lot of back teeth!"

But Oscar was counting. "One two, three, four ..."

"Madame," the leader was whispering in my ear. "It is my duty to inform you, as a faithful servant of your household, that we have a traitor in our midst."

I looked at him coldly. "What do you mean?"

"It is Mr. Oscar Brown," he went on. "Instead of placing blanks in those revolvers, they are loaded with the real thing. Forgive me for expressing an opinion Madame, but I should say that he means to get both men out of the way."

Oscar counted: "Eight, nine ..."

But at ten, I darted forward and stood in the line of fire. I knew now that I really intended to shoot "Stop!" before running in to the lead, but the word must have frozen in my throat before I had a chance to utter it.

I heard the crash of the two revolvers firing at once, and then I hit the floor.

There was smoke in the room. That must have been from the two revolvers. A lot of people were talking at once, and in the background I heard a small collective grunting out "The Blue Danube."

A boy with pimple came towards me and said: "There's no one else here to dance with, so I suppose I'll have to ask you to have the last waltz. It makes me sick to see you dancing on that cheer all night."

My legs were stiff from sitting down for so long. "Yeah," I said, "yeah. It's a treat to get on the floor."

BAND-AID to the rescue!



"BAND-AID'S A BAND-ART!" Good advice comes from experience! When she gets a scratch or scrape, Mother cleans and treats the wound, then sticks on Band-Aid. To help keep dirt out, Band-Aid is a good, ready-made adhesive bandage that sticks on instantly. It's easy to apply. And Band-Aid stays on—even on wetwood, hard-to-handle surfaces. Be sure you get genuine Band-Aid. It's made only by Johnson and Johnson.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON WORLD-LEADING MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL SUPPLIES





HAMBURGER

She watched—and was—while her two friends carried the lunch for a girl in a shop

JOHN WAREFIELD

I NEVER met hamburgers until last year. I was once especially fond of them, but up until the middle of last year, I am speaking of, the aversion was purely physical. They seemed to have all the qualities of that which, being dead, was unpalatable. James, on the other hand, was very partial to them. He brought to the notice of a hamburger a dash, a curve, a comeliness, and an elasticity that lifted it well

beyond and above the locality of any ordinary meal. At least, that is what he told me from time to time. And that, I suppose, explains to a certain extent why we were perched on two high, round stools at the counter of that hamburger place at the top end of Bridge Street one exceptionally cold, wet and windy August night several years back—the war was still on, much on at the time.

It was quite early in the evening—about nine o'clock, I would say—and the place was all but empty. James ordered his hamburger, but I decided against it—said I'd just sit by and enjoy the spectacle of the master of his work.

Idly we glanced about us as we waited. The place was new to us. It was narrow, darkish and small. The waiting-hooves-out was still operating, and, small as it was, the dimmed light barely penetrated to the furthest corners.

Still standing with looking fat, dark, crisp, pungent, and savory with onions and meat, James' hamburger was pushed and came skidding towards him over the mottled marble of the counter—

But the hand that pushed it!

Our two pairs of eyes followed it, fascinated, as it dropped back away from the thick, even, eyestone-rose plate. It was such a beautiful hand—white, narrow, incredibly graceful of movement, slender—a hand that would sweep imperiously across the strings of violins or leap to draw behind it a trail of lovely music. Indeed, even across that greasy quarter, through the stink, smoky air of the hamburger shop, it still seemed to draw behind it a trail of lovely music.

Fascinated, we stared at that exquisite hand, accustomed at its graceful, casual movement, its liveliness. Wondering, almost in fear of disappointment, we glanced up to the face above it. But all was well. For the face was as lovely as the hand. We both smiled our silent Pals with gladness, the smooth skin lay softly over a perfect formation of bone.

The eyes expressed nothing but a most indifference to the food on the counter. The mouth was slack, easy, disinterested as the grey eyes. The hair was short and dark and only slightly wavy. She had an something which—an overall, probably—I didn't notice particularly.

James was so amazed he couldn't eat his hamburger. And happy, too! I felt that happiness with him—the sudden, unaccountable, delightful happiness you feel in the presence of something lovely and good—a miraculous happy man, like the happiness of Easter morning.

Outside again in the wind and rain—

"What did you make of that?" enquired James with his usual violence; then, as usual also, without waiting for my consent—

"Of course, she would have had to take that job. She must have got into some sort of money fix and had no choice. Just had to take what was offering. You can't tell me a girl is—in a request as that would choose to dish out hamburgers!"

Had he given me time, I should have heard mildly that I hadn't attempted to tell him that, or anything else. But he was all speed!

"She's obviously someone of gentle breeding—you can see that—probably comes from a wealthy home—perhaps the family lost all its cash—father dead, younger sons to be looked after, mother ill—and this was the only job opening in a hurry—"

For myself, I felt then was probably but one very simple explanation. I tried to put it so

James—that there was no reason on earth why a hamburger girl should not be beautifully beautiful just as any other girl might chance to be—but he pushed the idea aside impatiently. It was much too simple and practical. I didn't press it, for he is obviously loosed to build his romance together we made up the most fascinating tales around the barroom of the hamburger joint.

And, of course, we went back—and back again, till we became regular nighty customers. I even used to eat a hamburger now and then so as to give a little more point to our persistent visits.

His clever spoke—either to us or anyone else—beyond the sentimental query—

"Hamburgers?"

To which we would reply—"One!" or "Two!" according to capacity.

But just to watch her was sufficient pay, so full as though it were money in the air the high quality of her goodness and her loveliness—that was enough!

Until one night, about two days after, I realised with a sobbing around that that James had fallen in love with her.

Of course he had! How could he have helped it, my violent, passionate, uncomprehensible James? He was absorbed, fascinated, possessed by that strange, delightful, wary loveliness in the griny hamburger shop. And me? He didn't mind in the least my being there, but I meant nothing to him at all any more.

Well, I simply didn't know what to do about it. You see, I loved James very much—I didn't

want him to be taken from me. We were so used to being together, used to each other—going every where together, liking the same people and things and places, laughing and crying and loving as one, and adoring at the same moments. We had grown—complementary the one to the other—that is, until the hamburger episode. Then I found that James had slipped away from me, and I was lost and bitterly unhappy. As I say—I didn't know what to do. I tried to keep him from going to the shop, but he simply stared at me harshly and went off alone. I tried making fun of the girl—but she deflected me there. I couldn't get over the simple goodness and beauty of her.

In the end, I did nothing—but crept alongside James every night, sat with him and listened to him in miserable, inadequate silence. And he didn't care whether I came or went, whether I spoke or was quiet, whether I was furious or sulky—whether I knew or did not know, whether I cared or did not care. It was heart-breaking, you'll be thinking, and I showed very little grief and a very poor spine. But then you'll remember, I hope, that when you love someone as I loved James, deeply and completely—heartily, gently, apart are very serious, unconsiderable things.

Perhaps I did do something—perhaps I prayed—in some strange, useless, uncomprehensible God, and perhaps it was an answer to my prayer that Wally arrived to give James back to me at last.

We were pushed up on our stool. James was destroying



**"They give me pictures to look at,
when what I want to do is DANCE!"**

Listen, young lady! You can't blame any one for that—but yourself! You are just one of those pretty girls who should be seen and—not approached.

Conquests go to the girls who are careful of their daintiness. Why don't you use Mum? A little dab of Mum under each arm keeps you sweet and dainty all day or evening.

Mum can be applied even after you are dressed immediately after undressing, shaving, if you like. Mum will get harm your skin or your most precious frocks. Get Mum today!

MUM takes the odour
out of perspiration

They Learn by "DOING"

Real Industry Apprentices Benefit By New Training Development

SKILLED workmen are as necessary to modern industry as lubrication is to machinery.

The manufacture of iron and steel requires the combined efforts of many men and many trades, among whom fitters and turners comprise a large proportion. It was appropriate, therefore, that apprentices indentured to fitting and turning should be the first to be chosen for training in the apprentices' training shop, recently established by The Boston Mill Property Co., Ltd. at the Newmarket Steel Works.

The shop was designed expressly for the practical instruction of doing and turning trade apprentices in the important formative stage, i.e., the first two years of their apprenticeship. The experience gained in this shop is most varied and includes both productive and maintenance work on various engineering equipment necessary to steel works operation.

The shop has 6,000 square feet of floor space and provides for the accommodation of 40 apprentices. It is divided into two sections, one for training in machine operations and the other section for fitting and assembly. First-class equipment includes high-speed drills, turret

lathes, shapers, miller, fitting benches, and all tools necessary for modern machine operation. The shop also has its own instrument and store rooms. The safety and welfare of the boys is a prime consideration and well-designed coats and shower rooms are provided for their exclusive use.

The apprentices have no aged most favorably to these surroundings which provide available practical experience right from the start of their apprenticeship. On completion of the two years' training in the shop, the apprentices are transferred to the main machine shop.

The selection of capable superintendents, well qualified and able to understand young people, is a great factor in the smooth and successful operation of the shop.

These superintendents maintain a keen interest in the progress made by their charges who are most painstakingly grounded in the basic knowledge of their chosen trade. They work in a good team—the building of the apprentice's technical skill and the development of general character, thus providing a firm foundation on which they may well fashion their future as skilled tradesmen.

rather than eating his hamburger! Two American sailors, slightly drunk, were discussing loudly but generally "that little lavender job on the train last night"—how she'd disappeared so swiftly into the crowd after they'd made sure she had assure them to follow.

"Damen!" one was saying. "Damen—that's the way of 'em all over the world, see! You might have 'em—and you mightn't! But y' never know, see."

The girl was listening, smiling a little in a mixture of amusement, contempt and boredom.

Then the swinging door flew open and a soldier stride into the place. We all turned to glance at him because his entry had been so sudden. He came along the counter and stood right in front of the girl, smiling at her. He was young and tall and strong-looking—but beyond that I don't know any thing, for all of us, even the two drunken sailors, were engrossed in watching a lovely quack, a transfiguration in the girl's face.

To all the beauty that had been there before, the pure goodness, there was now added such a glad flood of radiance that the dirty, usually hamburger shop was trans formed into a holy place, and we who looked on—we too were touched with the holiness.

"Wally!"

If one word can carry a world of joy, an exuberance of love, it was that one word spoken by the lavender girl. And Wally simply marched across the marble counter, lifted her across it as though she were all spirit and no body, and out they went together into the

dark, wet night. Behind them, among us who were left, some visible breath of the radiance inspired still.

I glanced at James. He looked old, and tired, and lost. I took his hand and we two went out to gather into the dark wet night.

Damen by the next corner, we stood a moment huddling under the dimmed lamp.

I took courage and murmured—"Of course, you know, there's always me!"

He turned and looked at me. In his eyes was all of his pain, his misery, his bewilderment, his sense of loss—and over it all was his great, something godlike, his relief, yes—and his love.

"Yes," he said. "Yes—there's you—always!"

If I live on to the end of my life, and die without knowing another moment of happiness, that moment will be quite enough.

All the same, I never eat hamburgers now!



A Magazine of Good Living
1/2 MONTHLY

(CONT.)

GEM FROM THE

Cavalcade STORYTELLER



For drama... suspense... action... mystery... just in THE CAVALCADE STORYTELLER, an Audio Book, 12 1/2" tape, at 4 for \$10.00 in 10 days.

"THE old crowd was incredibly fifty and her beauty, half-shen eyes glittered in the gloom of the tent. As the woman and the little boy entered, the gypsy said in a croaking voice:

"Tell your daughter, Madame?"

The tall Frenchwoman nodded goodnaturedly and extended her hand. The crowd looked at it and was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"There is nothing. The boy?"

The son, a little frightened, but carried away by the spirit of the fair, submitted his hand for read ing. The gypsy's words came clearly:

"You will have great sorrow. And you will go to a distant land where you will die. Nobody will shed tears over your grave... no water will read a sorrow but the winds of heaven."

When Huan Karamazov grew to manhood, the words of the gypsy came to his mind often. For his mother's life had indeed held nothing, for less than a decade later she was dead — the victim of the people who rose in revolution. And Huan had been forced to take refuge in England; his property had been confiscated; he had, in fact, known great sorrow.

With the future holding but little for him, he welcomed news of the strange new world where men made fortunes quickly — that vast new country where a man could, if he possessed health and strength, attain high position. Huan Karamazov asked for Van Dusen's Land.

It was in truth a strange land





"FIDO" DEFEATED FOG

AND SHELL BUILT 'FIDO'

"Fido" ("Fog Investigation Dispensed Operations") will be a great peace-time boom. In 1942, many R.A.F. planes were crashing in fog and Mr. Churchill ordered that a remedy be found. A team of 500 research workers examined all imaginable solutions and finally chose one, consisting of a "box" of pipelines and burners around a runway, burning vaporous petrol under pressure, which "died" the air and gave clear visibility even when fog was thick.

The Shell Group was entrusted with the work of installation, and eventually 16 aerodromes were equipped with "Fido", saving innumerable lives and aeroplanes. Shell gave great help because Shell "know how". Shell's "know-how" will bring the motorist, too, new benefits in fuel and lubrication—soon!

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to be good across an uncertainty, he told a deep foreboding, based upon the group's prophecy.

"You will go to a distant land where you will die . . . and nobody will know where you lie."

That was why Krimmer clung to civilization as long as he could, when he refused to accept a grant of land; why, for many years, he did not venture outside the house of the settlement.

Then, as the warning grew dimmer in his memory, he set men to clear the land and erect a house. With these tasks done, he himself went forth into the bush. In time,



JOHN HATLEY

Junior had done as much for the Crown with the result that he was rewarded with a grant of land; but when John, on that day in 1837, rode out to inspect the grant, he left little doubt; the place was typical of the harsh, bluegrass country now surrounding the settlement; the few hardy settlers who had made their camp there sought not only the blacks, but lack of water — for the land was speckled with mud hills.

John Hatley, Junior, forgot about his dubious possession to the bush and settled down to the occupation of farmer at Perth. He had but small capital, and in an endeavour to add to his stock, sought to exchange his estate for a useful animal. He secured a horse — and William Foreman became the owner of the estate.

He gave, registered to the outside and the tail and the bushing as he set out recruiting his horserage.

One day he wandered into the bush alone. He never returned. A search was made, but his body was not found.

It was never found.

His only memorial in the fertile valley which bears his name — a place of peace and plenty — but a place which will be remain bare, because it marks the resting place of a man for whom a group's warning came true. The beautiful Huxon Valley of The north.

Of the two men, Hatley felt that he had come out the better from the deal. Foreman, having noted the estate, returned to the settlement and promptly offered to sell it. When he succeeded in location he did not receive a single offer.

Depressed at having been awarded in a deal, Foreman got slightly away. His drinking companion found him stony and unapproachable. In friendship, he offered to trade a cask of wine for the estate — an offer which was quickly accepted.

The wine was sour, but Foreman cared little; he had disposed of some land which was a thorough liability, and for which even a cask of sour wine was far more than a price.

Yet, if Hatley, the first owner of the Waverley Estate, or Foreman, into whose hands it passed,

all now, had removed the deeds for those 60 barren acres, their descendants would have become wealthy indeed — for the War-

ring Estate is today worth over \$2,500,000.

Sydney people know it as Bush Junction.



WHEN Jack Smythe

heard the wonderful stories of quickly won wealth which drifted back from the the Victorian goldfields, he thrust his carpenter's tools and made his way to Ballarat. For the next two years he drifted from field to field without success.

Smythe was a good man. He had seen his friends who fortune from the north while he had contented only enough gold to secure necessities. They had succeeded. He had failed. And he decided to retire to an obscure part of the country.

He chose Yarrabub, a Victorian place where he had spent much time in his youth, and where, he hoped, there was a workable mine near which he could make his home.

There he chose a spot which was sheltered by a cliff, gashed in the hill was a vein of the mine — a vein from which Smythe was

sure they drew which to make the bricks for his humble home. The house, when it was completed, was strong and warm. He filled the soil and prepared vegetable gardens. He bought a few tools and spent his days subsiding furniture for his neighbors. And there Jack Smythe lived in a happiness earned only by his thought that, with luck, he might have accumulated enough money to satisfy his ambition to become a farmer. And there, Smythe died.

Later, a neighbor decided to convert the ground where the house stood to a cornfield. The house was demolished — and as it crumbled the man saw, engraved in the bricks, rays of gold.

The bricks yielded several hundred ounces — for Jack Smythe had built his home from an unworkable vein in a worked-out mine. Fate had allowed him to live in near poverty in a home worth thousands of pounds!



PARIES of the 1920's

known. General Bernard will be again.

A writer of very successful horror plays, he was regarded as a

man of mystery. Those who had not met him visualized him as a creature, and some suspected that the almost incredible amount of death and destruction he created in his works was the result of

his great adventures in the realm of horror.

It matters little in the story that Bernard was actually a man of average characteristics with one outstanding faculty — the ability to connect tales, which though possessed of strange themes, earned a great degree of popularity.

Bernard lived in a pretentious house near Paris — a house which somehow derived with the reputation of being haunted, he directed tactfully and was a well-known figure as French actor-tracker, his black limousine was driven by a somber chauffeur, and he owned a studio in Montmartre, where it was said he hatched his notorious plots.

His social life was mysterious. He entertained little, and those who visited his home told of ghastly Agony and apparitions which appeared without warning. His rooms were swarming of gory torture instruments, Egyptian mummies, and bleached skeletons.

Death, it seemed, was the function of his daily life, but it ap-

peared that the man whose very living depended on the success of the characters he created was himself immortal. One night in a theatre a chandelier fell onto the audience, and while those around Bernard were killed, he escaped without a scratch.

One day, in 1932, Bernard was in his studio writing another play — an opera which captured more horror, more destruction, than any he had previously written. The door bell rang and Bernard went to answer it.

It was a hawker, Binley Bess and indicated that he desired such and such, but the hawker insisted. Speaking volubly, more hostile, he continued to press his wares upon Bernard. Musing with interest, he inserted his hand in his pocket and in desperation Bess asked a large and paint brush in Bernard's face.

Bernard recoiled, his eyes staring. Suddenly, he fell to the floor, dead. Thus died a famous writer of horror plays — a victim of fright!



THERE is a clause in the Treaty of Versailles which must surely be one of the strangest anomalies ever included in an historic document. It reads:

Muham, which was removed from the Protectorate of German East Africa and taken to Germany."

What is the story behind the insertion of this clause? What peculiar situation prompted David Lloyd George to insert on its inclusion?

The story has its beginning in the year 1926, when the great Sultan Muham who banded together



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- 9) It is a powerful medicine which is now being used by thousands of people in all parts of the world.
- 10) It is a powerful medicine which is now being used by thousands of people in all parts of the world.

**NO
ASTHMA
IN 2
YEARS**

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the black tribes of East Africa, died. On his death the court and viceroy agreed that his head should be cut off, embalmed, and placed on a silver pillow in a stone crypt, the door of the crypt, they ordered, should remain forever open, so that any man in the Empire, no matter of what rank, who desired counsel should be able to consult the skull.

Two years later, the skull disappeared, and in its disappearance the white men feared evil. Soon the white man came to Africa, and in his train came greed and pain; the Arabs turned against the blacks and war followed; the slave trade began; pestilence swept the land.

And it became legend throughout Tanganyika that peace would never return until the skull rested once more in its shrine.

Finally, East Africa became a German Protectorate, and later the first World War broke upon the world. The British, remembering the legend of the skull decided

to use it as a trump card. They told the natives that Germany possessed the skull, then to deny the people of East Africa peace. Immediately, resistance against the British ceased.

But the war ended, and the return of the skull was demanded by the natives.

Lloyd George, as a result, caused the fantastic clause to be included in the Versailles Treaty. Germany, bewildered at the clause, nevertheless made efforts to comply with the demand.

But the skull was never found. With the outbreak of World War II, Britain upheld the story that the skull was in Berlin, and promised its return at the end of hostilities.

Now, in 1945, the peoples of Tanganyika await the return of the skull of the great Sultan Mikere — wait patiently but steadily, and they say that lasting peace will not come until the ancient ruler lays again in the crypt.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN OF TIRED KIDNEYS

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisons waste out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about three pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and 100,000 tiny work-well, poisons waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start aching backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pain, loss of eye and energy, disturbed sleep, swelling, red spots under the eyes, backaches and dizziness. Prolonged or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or grocer for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a standard formula, used every day by millions for over 50 years. Doan's just helps what ails and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisons waste from the blood.

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Talking Points

* This is the first issue of the English edition of **AUTERMAN CAVALE**. We present a wide public for we believe that it has established a new high standard in European magazine production; we offer it with the thought that it will reach you to understand more fully the Australian way of living, and we give it to you with the hope that it will strengthen the lasting friendship for two countries. We think you'll find it interesting.

We, Australians feel that during the last six years we have truly come to know the people of England. As we wanted your opinion strongly outlined the **AUTERMAN**. We experienced both a sense of pride and a deep fellowship in your criticism.

Our criticism mingled with praise in England and in the desert, and from that association was born a new understanding, a new appreciation of your position. What, your men come in as and stand by our side and the battle of the Pacific, also, was won.

We, now, dear, great numbers of your men, and their men and women in that we might enjoy in part the hospitality you intended to set free.

The spirit of living which has always been with us and strengthened in those days of doubt and darkness. From your criticism of home we took inspiration when we realized our own front line.

Our common bond has never been stronger than it is now. **AUTERMAN CAVALE** will, we hope draw the two still closer.

* Although **AUTERMAN CAVALE** presents a typical "down under" scene, its content has been designed for general interest. It will help us, however, in shaping future

scenes. If you let us know the kind of article which appeals to you most.

We advise, also, constructive criticism, so that we may improve English speaking. And then, of course, if you feel like writing to us in the past "friendly" criticism, we'll appreciate that, too.

Here, then, is your first **AUTERMAN CAVALE**. We hope you like it.

* **Dear Mad** One day, a while back, a member of the staff showed a text with a girl. With following instruction by the sight of a face-reading instructor — let noted line of the hand over close any possibility, the explained us, but it sounded interesting. The outcome of that conversation is the month's cover. The girl is Mary Brown, who happens to be Sydney's daughter. Your statement: Mary Brown's mother was born in 1870. A mother told, and spent reviewing, being and being getting to her daughter's home occupation.

* **PREVIEW** What does it feel like to be looked in a box while a mysterious person is with records? **PREVIEW** What has a party four thousand interesting to present that she manages successful during the act is certainly her own mission in life. She tells her story in the **PREVIEW** cover, under the title of *I'm the Girl in the Box*. **PREVIEW**, incidentally, is cover to **PREVIEW** **PREVIEW**, who contributes an article personally. Other articles of our amazing interest are, *Memories*—in other words, by John Raymond, *Life's* **PREVIEW**, by Elizabeth Black, in which he told the story of a speaker who repeatedly changed a **PREVIEW** their side.



The violin has a magic of its own when played by the master exponents of the concert platform. Soon, we hope, records will once more bring to the people at large the opportunity to hear the exquisite performances of these artists as often as fancy dictates.

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